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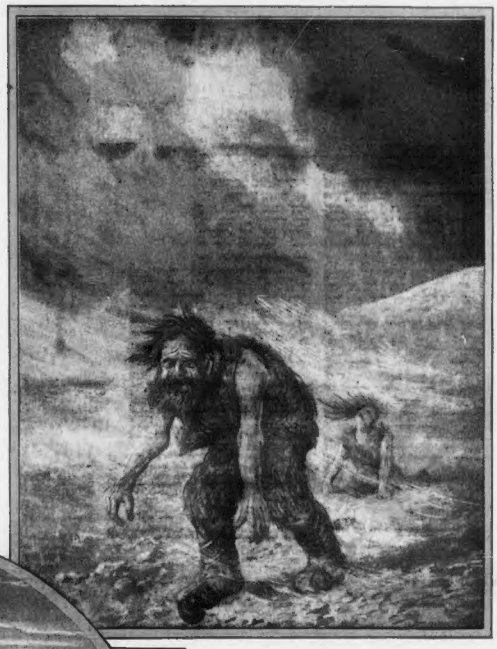
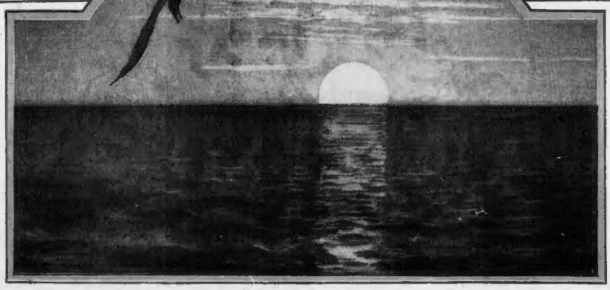
What Will Bring The World To An End?

Professor Rudaux Discusses the Dangers of Collisions With Comets, Changes That May Take Place in the Sun and the Likelihood of the Earth Dying of Old Age



EITHER THIS—If the Atmosphere Greatly Loses Water Vapor, a State of Mortal Cold Will Extend Over All the Earth, and the Last Men Will Die in Recesses of the Surface Where They Have Sought Shelter From the Miseries of Outside Life.



OR THIS—In Case a Universal Ocean Should Reign Over the Whole Earth, the Last Living Creature Lingering Above the Surface Would Belong to a Species of Sea Birds.

OR THIS—If, as Is More Probable, the End of the World Should Happen Through Drying Up and Not Drowning, the Last Men Will Drag Themselves Along and Die of Thirst in Vast Whirlwinds of Dust in a Universal Desert.

By Professor Lucien Rudaux.

The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of the Donville Observatory, France.

CHAPTER III.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

IN THE preceding chapter it has been suggested that the constant wearing down of the earth may lead to one or two results: the complete disappearance of all land surface under the ocean, or the disappearance of all water, which would leave the earth a sterile desert on which no life could exist. Each of these possibilities is as disastrous as the other, although it is at present impossible to foresee which of the two will happen.

Having arrived at this point, we are no longer considering fantastic or improbable events, such as the catastrophes we reviewed at the beginning of this series. In an earlier chapter it was shown that most of the celestial phenomena which are so terrifying to the popular imagination can have no effect on the fate of the earth. It was also explained that those whose influence on the earth might have some reality, such as a collision with a comet, would be very unlikely to happen and even if they did, they would probably not cause great damage.

The whole interest of the question, therefore, lies in the natural causes which may be expected to bring the end of our living world through the slow and relentless evolution of all things. Contrary to the astronomical accidents, which have been feared, the fatal end we are now considering will not have the character of a sudden catastrophe, and the earth will go very slowly to its end, like a man passing away from old age. What has already been said will enable us to understand the nature of the end; we are now going to examine various interesting possible conditions which may accompany it.

We will assume, in the first place, that the earth will be leveled down, eaten away by erosion and corrosion and will be drowned under the oceans. Long before the absolute end there will be a period of impoverishment of conditions favorable to the existence of organized life. This condition will become slowly effective. Vast continents, on which teeming populations and great civilizations are now flourishing, supporting great herds of animals as well as human beings, will be split up by the waters, will be reduced to archipelagoes, and finally to small, low-lying islands scattered far apart.

As these territories become reduced they will no longer enjoy the conditions required for the highest kinds of life. For a long time before this, no doubt, the natural resources of the soil, which are indispensable to human industry, will become deficient. It is possible to make a mental picture of this state of affairs and it is a gloomy one. The last human groups will find themselves in a position like that of shipwrecked people on desert islands.

It must be supposed that from generation to generation, assuming that they can exist for several generations, they will undergo a pitiful degradation and deterioration. Their surroundings and their privations must lead them gradually to the savage state, to the hard necessities of struggling at every moment for a barren existence, which will become more and more uncertain.

But after the disappearance of man all life will not stop on the globe, for many animal species will still be capable of existing for a long time. Land animals and birds will no longer be able to live on the last strips of soil, because they will be deprived of the food they need. But animals like seals, and particularly sea birds, will continue to find a means of living. The few vestiges of earth emerging above the sea will enable them to make nests and to reproduce their kind, while their food will be assured by ocean life.

These species will, in turn, disappear in the universal ocean—there will be no place to lay their eggs. The fish and other strictly marine animals will remain the only representatives of life on earth. That will last until new conditions, which must inevitably follow, will no longer permit the existence of any organisms.

On the other hand, if the earth should become a universal desert, which is a more probable contingency, it will still mean a progressively miserable end to mankind. Perhaps, indeed, the period of decrepitude will be of even longer and more painful character than death by drowning, for it will be exaggerated by the growing aridity and sterility of the soil, constantly reducing all the normal means of existence. No doubt for a considerable time human industry will be able to fight against such a state of affairs by using all its resources to recapture the water which has been lost.

We must guard against making too positive statements regarding this interesting project, for we do not know the degree of civilization which will have been reached by this future race. We are touching there on a domain where it is difficult to forecast with any certainty. One thing that is certain is that this form of world-death will bring more suffering all at once than the other. The last men, having become savages again, will long have abandoned the useless cities which will have fallen to ruin slowly and have been buried under storms of dust which the wind will carry from the immense deserts. Across this scene of desolation caravans of desperate men, followed by desperate animals, will wander constantly in quest of spots where water may still be found in small quantities.

The higher animals will disappear very quickly after men. Only the lowest and most primitive species in both animal and vegetable life, which can exist on a slight amount of water, will adapt themselves to the poverty of their surroundings and endure for some time to come, just as today on certain dismal, barren regions of the globe we see some animals struggling to exist with more or less success.

It may be supposed that the last representatives of life will find a way of existing in the depths of the soil for a considerable period. We find examples of such adaptation in the species which are now established in caves, have existed there for ages and will pursue their obscure destiny for an immeasurable time to come. It is by no means absurd to look forward to this subterranean life, especially in view of a circumstance which calls for some explanation.

The reason why water exists on earth in a state of perpetual circulation, which is of the first importance to our existence, is due to the atmosphere. On the other hand, the vast quantity of water in a state of vapor in the atmosphere plays an indispensable part in the maintenance of human life as well as that of animals and plants. Without the molecules of water vapor in suspension in the air the heat that the earth receives from the sun would be immediately lost, dissipated by radiation into the glacial space in which our planet floats. There would then reign, even at the equator, a harsher climate than that which prevails today on high mountains, where, as most people know, a bitter cold is eternal. The mountain peaks have just such a climate because they are situated in the upper regions of the atmosphere, which is very rarefied and from which water vapor is almost entirely lacking. In a word, this precious water vapor plays the part of the windows of a greenhouse, which allow the solar heat to penetrate while preventing it from being scattered outside.

Now if, as we have seen, the water must gradually disappear from the surface of the earth, the quantity of vapor in the atmosphere will diminish at the same time. The absorption of the heat of the sun will then become less and less and the average temperature will fall over the whole earth, until finally a polar cold will prevail everywhere. The occurrence of such a disaster will be hastened because the principal elements of the atmosphere, oxygen and nitrogen, will decrease. Oxygen decreases by fixing itself in all the oxides that form on the surface of the earth, and nitrogen fixes itself in plants and soil and is not ultimately restored in its entirety to the gaseous state.

We have, indeed, reason to ask ourselves if the advent of a deadly fall of temperature would not be the real end of the world, as far as men are concerned. But in any case it would be preceded by a period in which men would find themselves reduced to the condition of the most miserable inhabitants of the polar regions, wandering over territories where the last traces of water would only be found in the state of eternal ice.

All this justifies the supposition that life will then seek a refuge in the depths of the soil, where a moderate temperature will prevail for a considerable time. It is reasonable to suppose that some unknown being from another world, looking at the earth, would find it difficult to believe that life existed there.

But whatever may be the conditions that will prevail for a time, perhaps, on account of transformations which we cannot now suspect, all possibilities will be exhausted in time.

Upon an earth, desolate and dead, the sun will continue to shed its light and its warmth uselessly, as it now sheds them on a cemetery. But is the sun eternal? And if not, may it not be extinguished before the end of the earth, which would then have a different kind of death?

These two questions must be answered in the negative. Although the sun is not eternal, its life, barring one of the unlikely accidents we have discussed, will be vastly longer than that of our little earth.

We do not yet know what the sun really is and how it keeps up its prodigious radiation. We do know most of the chemical bodies which enter into the makeup of this colossal furnace, but we are entirely ignorant of the mechanism of its activities and the energy by which it renews itself continually. Upon that subject we are reduced to hypotheses based on the data of modern physics, accumulated with great ingenuity and difficulty. It can easily be understood that such a problem excites the inquiries of astronomers, who use all the methods of science in attempting to solve it.

We will not go deeply here into these hypotheses, or the methods employed in seeking to obtain precise facts about the sun, for the subject is too large. As in the case of the age of the earth, it is only possible to formulate conclusions which appear plausible or acceptable.

One thing certain is that the sun is older than the earth, which, however, has a respectable age, as it is

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Mountaineer Sculptors Carve Saviour's Life In Wood

One of the Mountaineer Artists Putting the Finishing Touches on a Set of Biblical Figures. The Carvings Are Carefully Colored and Every Costume Detail Is Respected.

An Impressive Set of Figures Depicting the Last Supper. Judas Is Portrayed at the Extreme Left.

Jesus Transforming Water Into Wine at the Feast of Cana Is Shown in This Wood Sculpture, While the Bride and Bridegroom Look On, Amazed by the Miracle.

DEEP in the Erz Mountains, in southern Germany, lies the little village of Schneeberg. It is off the beaten track followed by most tourists, but in the years to come it probably will become popular with travelers and wax increasingly famous.

The reason for the probable emergence of Schneeberg and its hardy mountain people, strangely enough, has existed for several centuries, but it was only recently that certain discerning connoisseurs of wood carving discovered that the community has a museum filled with a wealth of religious sculptures in wood that have been lovingly created by many generations of devout and highly skilled artists.

So remarkable are these little wooden statues that the officials of one of Berlin's largest museums are trying to induce the burghers of Schneeberg to lend them some of the carvings to put on exhibition in the German capital. But so far the negotiations have not been concluded because the mountaineers in charge of the little known museum and the skillful makers of the figures are opposed to what they regard as the commercialization of their handiwork.

Like the citizens of Oberammergau, the Bavarian village that has become world famous for its periodical presentation of the Passion Play, the people of Schneeberg are deeply religious. For centuries their sculptors have been creating Biblical figures as a labor of love and as a tangible and lasting evidence of their abiding faith. The appreciation of the world was unimportant to them and they were content to enshrine their work in the little museum tucked away high up on the mountain slopes.

Today this building contains several thousand statues and statuettes of wood, each beautifully conceived and executed, and many of them painted to make them lifelike in appearance. Some of the figures have movable heads, arms and legs, so that they can be set in different postures.

How remarkable these works of art are can be seen in the photographs on this page. One shows the Last Supper done in miniature. Another depicts the Saviour performing the miracle of turning water into wine at the wedding feast in Cana and the other is a representation of the Virgin Mary with the Christ Child fleeing into Egypt to escape the massacre of the innocents described in the Bible.

Mary and the Infant, One Figure in a Group Representing the Flight Into Egypt to Escape the Baby Massacre Ordered by King Herod.

The whole story of the Saviour's life can be found in the mountain museum and every important character mentioned in the Bible is represented at least once in the unique collection which has been growing with each succeeding generation of wood carvers.

Unlike Oberammergau, where there is a school of wood carving, Schneeberg boasts no such institution for the development of artistic talent. Usually the art of sculpturing in wood is passed on from father to son, but some of the most expert of the older artists accept pupils outside the family circle when youthful members of the community show exceptional interest or aptitude in the profession.

In this way the art of wood carving has been kept alive in Schneeberg for several centuries and the treasures in the museum have been accumulating year by year. The only reason that this storehouse of genius and Christian devotion has not become world famous is the traditional attitude of the artists and their neighbors toward their work. They seek neither appreciation nor money for their labors and they explained to the Berlin museum officials who are so eager to show some of the statuettes in that city that the wooden figures of Biblical characters are the sculptors' way of praying.

It is probable that the day is not far off when religious works of art from the mountain community will be exhibited in Berlin and elsewhere and be made available to buyers in Europe and in other parts of the world because certain of the most eminent sculptors there are half convinced that they would not be breaking faith with their ideals by permitting such masterpieces to go beyond the confines of Schneeberg.

They are but little interested in the prospect of their village becoming a sort of second Oberammergau for they believe that its pastoral peace is essential to the devout attitude of the artists and to the high quality of their work. Their museum, they hope, will always remain a shrine for the occasional traveler and never become a "point of interest" for small armies of tourists.

Twins—and Centenarians

Mrs. Jeanette Lauchheimer, of New York, and Mrs. Henriette Dannenbaum, of Philadelphia, Twin Sisters, Who Will Shortly Celebrate Their One Hundredth Birthday Anniversary.

IF Mrs. Jeanette Lauchheimer and Mrs. Henriette Dannenbaum, the former a resident of New York and the latter a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, are alive on January 16—and there is little reason to believe that they will not be among the living—they will get their names in hundreds of the country's newspapers. For on this day these venerable women, who are twins, will celebrate their one hundredth birthday. So far as they have been able to learn, they are the oldest twins in America and perhaps in the whole world.

The celebration of this extremely unusual event will be shared in by no less than 32 direct descendants of the centenarians—five children, 19 grandchildren, 21 great-grandchildren and seven great-great-grandchildren.

Each of the twins has a keen mind and a good memory. They remember, as though it were yesterday, how they set out from their home town in Bavaria in 1834—when they were nine years old—and came to America on one of the first steamers to maintain a regular schedule of sailings across the Atlantic. They remember, too, their father's millinery establishment in Philadelphia and that the business prospered greatly.

Henriette, in time, became Mrs. Louis Dannenbaum, and Jeanette changed her name to Mrs. Samuel Lauchheimer whose husband took her to Washington to live during the administration of Abraham Lincoln. She recalls just how the lanky Lincoln looked during the troublous times of the Civil War. Her sister, out of all her wealth of memories, likes to recollect one wintry night when she ventured from the warmth of her home to hear the famous Jenny Lind sing.

America's oldest twins probably hold a record for their patriotic and humanitarian labors during times of war. When the Civil War was being waged they knitted more sweaters than they can remember for the Boys in Blue. Their knitting needles clicked again when the Rough Riders and their buddies went down to Cuba to free the island from the domination of Spain, and many a soldier in the World War was grateful for the warmth of sweaters and socks and helmets that their efficient and willing fingers turned out.

For many, many years Mrs. Lauchheimer and Mrs. Dannenbaum dressed in the height of fashion and were among the first to adopt new vogues in feminine styles. But in recent years they have "standardized," so to speak, and are content to dress simply and modestly in clothes that take no account of shifting trends.

Neither of the twins saw fit to have her hair bobbed when the great majority of American women were having their locks cut off and, now that they are "getting along" in years they think they look better in old-fashioned bonnets than they would in the perky little hats that are in popular favor with other members of their sex. Every year they have their bonnets—which are not unlike some of the hats that their father sold 80 years ago—made to order.

What Will Bring the World to an End?

(Continued From Front Page).

estimated as at least 2,000,000,000 years. The study of creatures that lived in the earliest ages of the earth and whose remains are found in the fossil state shows from the nature of these animals that solar radiation was then appreciably the same that it is now. These ages lasted several millions of years; during which there was no trace of weakening of the sun, and they must represent only a minute fraction of its life.

Everything shows that the birth of the sun happened long before that of our planet. The sun must have been much hotter at the beginning than now, and, to satisfy the law of the evolution of stars, it is necessary to date back this origin not less than 5,000,000,000 years, according to the calculations of Professor Eddington. If the sun has not aged appreciably during this process, as we have shown from geological facts, this means that it is not near ending its career. On the other hand, if the evolution of the earth's surface justifies us in reasoning that in some millions of years humanity will be no longer able to exist, we have reason to believe that at this time the sun will not be much older than at present, for to it the period mentioned is almost insignificant.

Then when will the sun be worn out? According to hypotheses most in agreement with modern conceptions of the concentration of energy, its radiation will continue for at least 15,000,000,000 years to come. These calculations, the immensity of which stuns us, cannot be asserted with positiveness.

But whatever may be its prodigious duration, the sun will end by losing in intensity. It will then shed a more and more dismal light over an earth without life, as upon other equally lifeless planets that will continue to turn around it. And there will be another universal death when the sun shall be finally extinguished and the dead world will be left plunged into the darkness of space.

And it now remains only to say a few words of comfort. In general, the fears of the end of the world through a sudden catastrophe are without foundation. In past centuries and also in our days men have often made announcements based on superstitions, fantastic ideas and phenomena without effect on the earth and which had no serious base. The effects that are actually to be feared from certain astronomic events are very limited and of small gravity. There is so little chance that such disasters will happen that there is no occasion to be excited about them.

The end of our world will arrive, certainly. It will be a natural event that it will be impossible to put off, but it is so far away that it need not worry us much.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A Triangle of Beauties, All Members of the Los Angeles Athletic Club Swimming Team. It Is Claimed That This Group Is Made Up of the Prettiest Girl Swimmers in America. On the Left Is Miss Aileen Allen, Coach. The Others Are (Front to Back): Dorothy Poynton, Olympic High Diving Champion; Laurette Claire, Mary Louise Hoffman, Gertrude Wagner, Peggy Henry, Olive Hatch, Helen Van Buren, Edith Mortridge, Dorothy Smithson and Billie Steitz.

Tree That Grew Like a Dinosaur

ABOUT three miles from the famous Horseshoe Curve over which trains climb the Allegheny Mountains near Altoona, Pennsylvania, there is a curious and amusing vegetable monster that never fails to attract the attention of motorists. Someone with a flair for scientific nick-names dubbed the oddly shaped fallen tree the Dinosauros Logossos—the log dinosaur.

Two years ago the freak was a living tree and, while it was growing, no one paid much attention to it because, in an upright position, it did not look particularly like one of the monstrous reptiles that roamed the earth in prehistoric times. But once it was felled the resemblance struck the men who cut it down and they chopped and sawed here and there, peeled the bark off the gnarled trunk and rested the distorted tree on a nearby stump. The first motorist to come along stopped his car to make sure that he wasn't seeing things and thousands of people have gazed on the wooden dinosaur, sculptured by Mother Nature, since that time.

The ex-tree that looks so much like an extinct monster stands guard with upraised head and tail on a stretch of road that, in some places, follows the old trail over which the Indians used to cross the mountains in the days when they ruled this section of America. During the stirring days of the French and Indian War the same trail was used by troops bound westward to Fort Pitt, which in the course of history became what is now the city of Pittsburgh.

It so happens that the queer-looking "critter" is practical as well as ornamental because it is close beside a service station and many tourists who stop to see what manner of beast this is remain to have their tanks filled with gasoline and their crank cases replenished with fresh oil. The owners of the station estimate that "Diny," as they call the tree that grew in the likeness of a dinosaur, has earned more money for them than the best electric sign that they could put up to attract the attention of passing automobilists.

From time to time they will give "Diny" a coat of varnish to protect him from the disintegrating effects of time and the elements.

The Fantastic Tree-trunk in the Allegheny Mountains, Which, Because of Its Resemblance to a Prehistoric Monster, Has Been Nick-named "The Dinosauros Logossos."

Making Death Valley a Park

BACK in the days of '49 the wagon trains of the intrepid army bound for the newly discovered California gold fields creaked and groaned for many a weary mile to avoid Death Valley, that arid inferno that lies below the level of the sea. And for many years after the stirring days of the Forty-niners the area was shunned by all but the hardiest of prospectors and the crews of men taking borax out of the bleak wasteland.

But life is coming to Death Valley since Uncle Sam designated the area as a national monument—which means that it is a sort of national park—and two Conservation Corps crews are hard at work repairing the existing roads and making new roads so that, before long, tourists may motor in safety and comfort through most of the once dreaded bad lands.

The transformation of Death Valley into a park that the most timid soul may venture into will necessitate such jobs as the cleaning up of springs and water holes and the clearing of the land about these oases so that they will be comfortable camping spots. Hundreds of signposts to direct visitors to the area will be put up along all roads so that they will know how to reach points of interest, hotels and camping sites. It is probable that many new hotels will be put up within the next few years.

It is said that the Winter climate of Death Valley is particularly healthful because of the absence of fog and rain and the freedom of the low-lying area from extremes of heat and cold.

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That Jelke Matrimonial "Dog Fight" is on Again

Not Satisfied With Being Plastered With Mud by the Divorce Court Testimony Last Spring, Rich and Fashionable Frazier and "Neenie" Beg the Rhode Island Courts for Another Chance to Get at Each Other

F. Frazier Jelke, Wealthy New York Broker, Who Failed to Win a Divorce in the Remarkable Trial at Newport Last Spring, and Has Followed His Wife's Example in Appealing to the Rhode Island Supreme Court.

(And Above on the Right) Historic Woodlawn, in Virginia, Once the Home of Nellie Custis, Where the Jelkes Were "Happily Married."

Mrs. Eugenia Jelke as She Appeared in the Courtroom While Variegated Charges Were Being Made Against Her by Witnesses Produced by Her Husband.

Jelke's Son, F. Bartholomay Jelke, and His Wife, Who Testified in Favor of Her Father-in-Law at the Newport Divorce Trial.

THE Jelke versus Jelke "dog fight" is on again.

Last June, a disgusted Rhode Island judge ended one of the most savage and disgraceful legal contests of recent years when he threw out of court both the divorce suits which Mr. and Mrs. F. Frazier Jelke had brought against each other.

Some of these husband-and-wife battles had been compared to prize fights but in the prize ring there are sportsmanship and rules against fouls. In the Jelke scrap, not only did both hit below the belt, but it was testified that the lady climbed up the gentleman's back and bit his ear.

Mr. Jelke denied all the things Mrs. Jelke said about him, and Mrs. Jelke denied all the things Mr. Jelke said about her. After the spectacle was over and the judge surveyed the two mud-plastered figures he could not decide which was the worse offender and had to call the fight a draw, throwing both suits out.

The judge could hardly have hoped that two such determined adversaries would go back and live together again but most people expected that after such a public disgrace the pair would come to terms, through their lawyers, followed by an uncontested Reno divorce on the grounds of incompatibility which nobody could deny.

But not at all. The couple has appealed to the Supreme Court of Rhode Island to reverse the lower court's decision. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jelke ask that the denied divorce be given to them. If the Supreme Court refuses to do this, then their only alternative is a return bout with the hope that it will be a finish fight, with a winner-take-all purse. It is said that both have been improving their time since last June, collecting more evidence against each other and now, armed with more soiled linen and mud they will be able to get at each other again.

These antics revealed in that trial did not occur in a tenement district speakeasy but in high society. Mr. Jelke is, or was, a very wealthy Wall Street man and his wife "Neenie" is of an old American family. To add dignity to their wedding, it was held in famous old Woodlawn, hallowed by historic association with George Washington. Being in high society, the Jelkes obligingly staged that divorce "battle of the century" last May, right at the start of the season, in Newport, Rhode Island, the society capital of the East where all their friends and neighbors could enjoy ringside seats with the least possible effort. The return engagement of this grudge fight may or may not be planned for that same arena where the same Social Register spectators can watch the contest, blow by blow. Maybe it will be fought out in Reno, where only their friends in similar circumstances can listen in.

Some people would not go through such a public humiliation for all the wealth in the world, but the Jelkes apparently didn't feel that way about it. Traditionally, woman is supposed to be more sensitive to shame than the coarser-fibred male and, in respect for this, it is customary in uncontested divorces for the husband to take the blame.

While Mr. and Mrs. Jelke listened to the testimony by the various witnesses without much show of emotion, Mrs. Jelke succeeded in bringing a blush to the face of the judge when she handed him a note telling something about her husband. The judge did not read it out loud.

After the "dog fight" was over, when Mrs. Jelke turned up at the Sands Point Club, on Long Island, her friends had the good taste to talk about the weather and pretend that they had forgotten all about her unfortunate experience. But they heard that mud-plastered lady cheerfully ask what they thought of her divorce suit. One young man was so taken aback that he turned away speechless.

"Now what is the matter with him?" Mrs. Jelke is reported to have asked innocently, but nobody told her.

The judge said that both had practiced cruelty on each other. Neenie's cruelty, her husband charged, began bright and early while the bride and groom were breakfasting in bed the morning after the bridal night.

"Frazier," she said, "you've got to buy me a bunch of new clothes. And I've got some other bills you'll have to pay."

Of course, husbands know that such things are in store for them, but brides usually have sufficient trousseaux, so they don't need to hit the bridegroom for more until the honeymoon is over. When they reached Nassau, the bride, Mr. Jelke declared in court, informed her husband that she had married him for money and envied her younger sister who had just married a poor man for love. It was here, too, at a gay dinner party that the bride entertained everyone within earshot by relating why their marriage was not a success.

Other brides have been dissatisfied on their honeymoons and said so in a loud voice. What made this occasion unique was the fact that Neenie was accused of going into certain intimate details, that are usually left unsaid, even in the rudest society. Jelke testified that he could only stare at his plate in shame, but later in the privacy of their hotel suite he asked why she had wished to ruin them both by such talk. Neenie, who seemed to have forgotten it by this time, replied:

"Oh, you are too thin-skinned," and forgot it again.

Some brides demand such constant attention from their husbands that it becomes irksome, but not this one. Frazier hung around so persistently that his little bride did not like it and one day, he testified, startled him by the following suggestion:

"Why don't you go out and find another woman? It would do you good. Have a good time—you don't need to be so moral with me."

Considering that this generous and unusual offer was made on their honeymoon, when they reached Paris, Mr. Jelke thought it unkind. One of the most degraded spectacles in Paris is the annual Beaux Arts Ball. Two French art students, who were dining with the Jelkes, mentioned that they were on their way to that event, but of course without their wives. That is not done by self-respecting Frenchmen who know that they would see men and women parading around naked. But Jelke says that his bride at once insisted on going and though he refused to have anything to do with it, off she went with the students who would not take their own wives.

Neenie, according to her husband's testimony, soon went from mental to physical cruelty, biting and striking him whenever they disagreed. The time she bit his ear was the cruelest of all, he thought, not because it hurt the most but on account of the conditions under which he was bitten.

Mr. Jelke had been summoned to the home of his aged parents in Chicago by a telegram stating that his father was dying. Under such conditions he had no doubt that his wife would be reasonably quiet and peaceable at least in the house. But he says that she insisted on whooping things up so noisily that he had to speak to her.

"I tried to calm her down in the presence of death," he testified. "And just then my mother called us into the sun parlor for luncheon. Mrs. Jelke came along behind me and said, in my mother's presence, 'You old So and So, why don't you cheer up?'"

Because the old "So and So" did not cheer up, Mr. Jelke says his wife jumped on his back and bit his ear. Even that failed to cheer him. To show that he did not approve of such table manners, he reached around and pinched the biter's leg.

"But it did not work," said Jelke. "She ripped my shirt and finally threw herself on the floor in one of her fake faints."

This broke up the luncheon and things went from bad to worse until in desperation the husband sent the following telegram to his father-in-law, A. H. Woodward, chairman of the board of the Woodward Iron Co. of Birmingham, Alabama:

"As an act of mercy to two old sick people, will you get your daughter Eugenia out of my parents' home? Will you try to get her to settle her disputes somewhere else, preferably Reno?"

This SOS brought no help from Birmingham, perhaps because Papa Woodward figured he had troubles enough without taking on Jelke's. Since his wife would not leave, the only way Jelke could think of to stop the rows from disturbing the sickroom was to get out himself. This, he stated, brought a protest from the indignant nurse who said:

"Don't let that little hellion drive you out of your mother's house."

But he went just the same and continued to be thin-skinned because he said it shamed him to have his wife call him, "Old Lech" and then explain to callers that he was "a lecherous old man" and that she had "been gypped in this marriage."

"What effect did this have on your mental and physical condition?" he was asked and replied:

"It broke my morale and my spirit."

Clothes cruelty, which is only a form of money cruelty, is usually charged by the wife, but Jelke says that Neenie's, which began that first morning of the honeymoon, never stopped until he had to print a cruel advertisement about not being responsible for her debts.

While they were staying at the Mayfair Hotel, London, he says:

"She put on a new outfit two or three times a day, all of them bright, and it got so bad that people actually would stop on the street, turn around and stare after her.

"When I remonstrated with her at our apartment, she closed in on me and bit and struck me. Then she threw one of her fake faints and I walked out and left her on the floor. An hour later I walked into the room. She had washed her face and repowdered and went out to lunch as if nothing had occurred."

In Paris he protested that since the 1929 crash, he was no longer a Crœsus and was losing money every day.

"Sure," replied his wife, "you are losing your money anyhow. You might as well spend it on me."

In Miami, when he protested against her wearing a new and costly coat in the rain, he testified, she turned it inside out, thus ruining the silk lining.

Jelke's detectives and other witnesses testified that Neenie had visited a disreputable dope dive in Birmingham with a certain Major. But the proprietress of that den and another woman testified in Mrs. Jelke's defense, that it was a frame-up. Out of the whole unsavory mess it was hard to tell who if anyone was telling the truth. The same doubt arose in other charges of infidelity so that the disgusted judge could only say that she had at least been indiscreet.

Nor was there any more certainty about Neenie's accusations that her husband had taken her advice about not being too moral in Paris and elsewhere.

But as to cruelty perpetrated by each member of this amiable couple on the other there could be no doubt. Jelke said that in spite of all his provocation he never hit his wife nor did more than fend her off, but the judge did not believe him. She testified that at the Mayfair Hotel:

"He picked me up and threw me across the room and then he stood over me and then he tried to kick my teeth out. I told him to please be reasonable because my father had spent thousands to have my teeth fixed.

"'Did you ever try hitting a man in all your life?' I asked him.

"'Sure,' he said, 'I knocked my father down once.'

"'You would!' I told him."

A maid testified that she had seen bruises presumably inflicted by Mr. Jelke on Mrs. Jelke, and there was testimony that she had turned up at the house of a Mr. Hitt, with a conspicuous black eye, said to have been given by her husband, so she "would not forget she was married."

However, she managed to give her husband a black eye too, by getting into the evidence, though it had nothing to do with the merits of the case, an assertion that he had paid a $50,000 bribe to get into the Racquet Club. In return for this Jelke told the world that his wife was a chronic drunkard and visited speakeasies with men.

Though the charges and counter-charges of infidelity may or may not have been true, the number of blows struck, bites given, insults private and public shouted at each other as well as general all-around meanness and disloyalty on all possible occasions, seem to have been about 50-50. Therefore neither party was given a divorce.

However, the first muckraking, apparently was not thorough enough. Were there a few things they had forgotten to tell on each other?

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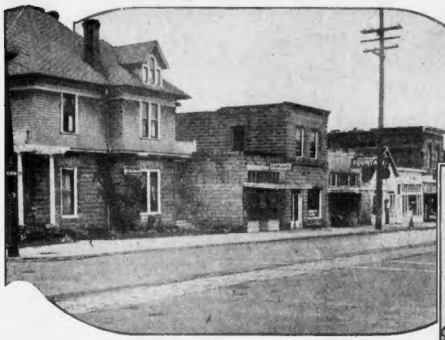
Cut-Rate Weddings Upset Whole Community



Downtown Section of Vancouver, Where All the Trouble Started When the Ministers and the Justice of the Peace Became Embattled Over Marriage Fees.

Mrs. Jean Blake Shaw, Local Justice of the Peace, Who Undersold Both Ministers by Marrying Couples Free, When the Cut-Rate System Was Introduced by the Clerics.

"NO WEDDING FEE CHARGED."

These words, painted in large white letters on a blue background on a sign hung across the plate-glass front of the office of Mrs. Jean Blake Shaw, justice of the peace and police judge of Vancouver, Washington, proclaimed to lovelorn couples that a marriage fee war had been declared.

The "battle" is a three-cornered one among the justice of the peace and two ministers of the Gospel—the Rev. Joseph T. Keating and the Rev. Paul L. Kunzman.

Just who started the war is not at all clear. Accusations have been hurled back and forth, and the public has never been able to fix the responsibility, but every Vancouverite knows that it used to cost at least $5 to get married in its midst, but that now cut rates prevail. It knows that the Rev. Mr. Keating has a current fixed charge of $2.50. It knows that Mrs. Shaw proclaims that "No Wedding Fee Charged" rules prevail with her and that the Rev. Mr. Kunzman is perfectly willing that "You May Set the Wedding Fee Here."

Other local clergymen—no less than four of whom are located within four blocks of the courthouse—appear to be making no attempt to get into the fray but are satisfied to take such customers as come their way. They maintain wedding parlors directly across the street, east and south of the courthouse.

Judge Shaw has her office directly across the street from the main entrance to the courthouse. If a couple, after having secured the license, has no particular choice as to who shall officiate at the ceremony they cannot do otherwise but notice her attractive sign.

The Reverend Mr. Kunzman, at first satisfied to take business as it came, later remodeled his dwelling and provided for an entrance facing the courthouse. Probably not such a great contender for honors as the other opponents he modestly proclaims, with lettering on a window shade (facing the courthouse) that "You May Set the Wedding Fee Here." Only a short time ago, however, his sign, also on a window shade, read "No Wedding Fee Charged Here."

Lovelorn couples approaching the courthouse by the usual route are first attracted to the wedding parlor of the Reverend Mr. Keating. He it was who installed that blue-and-white sign, brightly lighted at night, advertising the very reasonable price of $2.50 for tying the nuptial knot.

Public sentiment, at first against Rev. Keating, has since the "war" started, gradually shifted until now he enjoys the support of many citizens who had first opposed him.

"There was an agreement entered into between my worthy competitors and myself," says the Reverend Mr. Keating, "to take down all price signs and charge a regular fee of $5 for a marriage ceremony. Also that there be no solicitation made for weddings. Before one week had passed I obtained evidence that Judge Shaw had broken her part of the agreement and was charging $2.50 for performing marriage ceremonies; also that she advertised that price over the telephone to an inquirer. I also have evidence that a county employee (not connected with the marriage license office) solicited a couple in the courthouse and sent them to Judge Shaw.

"Judge Shaw, or any other member of the marrying fraternity, can charge as little or as much as they please, or do it free if they so choose. I will regulate my own price hereafter to suit myself. Personally I think that a 'No Wedding Fee' sign over Judge Shaw's door will be a big help to the ministers of the city. No self-respecting groom will want to embarrass his bride by taking her to a charity shop for such an auspicious occasion."

The real reason for the interesting and amusing price-cutting war in Vancouver can be traced to the growing popularity of the community as a Gretna Green. Twenty years ago the county officials thought they were doing well if they issued 600 marriage licenses in a year, but today the figure is up to 2,500 licenses a year, or more. This healthy boom has naturally, inspired the officials, civic and clerical, to go after all the marrying business they can get. The friends of the warring triumvirate do not charge them with being greedy—enterprising seems a better word.

Vancouver's popularity as a starting point for the love-lorn is due to the liberality of the Washington law and the stricter regulations which are in force in neighboring Oregon. Portland, a city of 300,000 population, is just across the Columbia from Vancouver, and much of its wedding trade comes to Vancouver. In fact, would-be brides and bridegrooms come to the scene of the rate-cutting war from almost every State in the Union. They, of course, are too absorbed to care who ties the "holy bonds"; it is the more sensitive natives who are upset by the war and wish it might end, in peace and dignity.

Bargain Days for Couples in Love. A Devoted Pair Who Passed the Parsons' Homes to Have the Marital Ties Bound Free of Charge by Mrs. Shaw.

Cleared Up the Mystery of "The Phantom Hand"

The Eighteen Pupils of William McKinley School, Milwaukee, Who Make Up the Nine Sets of Twins, Which the Principal Claims Is Quite a Record.

THE seemingly obvious truth that "the camera never lies" is not accepted by Miss Edith Brown of Savannah. Indeed, she maintains the camera is somewhat like the light in a woman's eyes—that it sometimes lies and lies and lies. Edith reached this conclusion by snap judgment. It came after a camera had played a trick on her, causing her no end of embarrassment since a reproduction of said picture appeared in a magazine.

The picture in which she posed with two other girls was intended to be an innocent snapshot——but the camera seemed to disclose a mysterious hand resting—one might say caressingly,—on her knee. It took an affidavit, duly attested before a notary public, to set at rest the speculation as to the ownership of what came to be called "the phantom hand." It was bad enough, Edith complains, when her fellow office workers spoofed her, but when inquiries came from all over the country, wanting to know whose hand was enclosing her neatly-turned knee, she determined effectively to clear up the mystery.

It all happened innocently enough. Miss Brown, along with Miss Rhema Aderholt of Atlanta and Miss Florence Steadwell of Savannah, threw office care aside one day and joined a happy group of railroad employes enjoying the Central of Georgia Railway annual picnic at Savannah Beach. W. A. Crawford, editor of the Central of Georgia Magazine, a house organ, also attended—with his camera. The occasion provided a golden opportunity to snap pictures of fellow workers, not clad in drab office ensembles, but in fetching bathing suits.

The three girls were lined up in front of the camera. Casually, Miss Steadwell draped her hand over Edith's knee—and presto, the foundation for a lot of embarrassing publicity was laid!

The camera recorded what it saw. Unfortunately Miss Brown had dropped her bathing cap over Miss Steadwell's forearm. As the camera caught the tableau, the protruding hand of Miss Steadwell blended in the flesh with Miss Brown's thigh—and the result made it appear as if some mysterious person, hiding behind them, had rested it on Edith's knee.

For a month, Edith was subjected to inquiries—and was her face red!—because the magazine, published but once a month, could not offer an explanation until the subsequent issue.

Prominently placed in that edition of the house organ was an item headed: "Now, About That Hand on Edith's Knee." The piece, relating that the picture had aroused nation-wide interest and brought many insinuating inquiries, wound up with the following reprint of a formal legal document: "Personally appeared before me, a notary public of Chatham County, Miss Edith Brown who under oath does testify and affirm that the hand on her knee published on page 13 of a recent issue of the Central of Georgia Magazine belonged to Miss Florence Steadwell standing next to her in the aforementioned picture. And furthermore that said hand did NOT belong to Joe Ruiz, Claude Medlock, George Porter, Bernie Helmken, or any other of her male acquaintances or admirers. (Signed) Edith Brown. Attested: Frank W. Campos, Notary Public, Chatham County, Georgia."

Certain of Miss Brown's friends, it is said, advised her against including the names of a few of her "acquaintances and admirers" in the formal explanation of the "phantom hand" picture.

Anyhow the affidavit just about put a stop to the embarrassing letters to the editor because, with a little careful study of the picture, it became easy to believe Miss Brown's statement.

The Photograph of Miss Brown and Her Friends, as It Appeared in the Magazine.

Enlargement of the Photograph in the Oval, Showing the Hand on Miss Brown's Knee, Which Seems Just to Have Appeared There Like a Phantom, but Its Presence Turned Out to Be One of Those Freaks of Photography, Which Becomes Clear When You Read the Affidavit.

Searched for Sisters 20 Years; Found Them Only 18 Miles Away

EXCEPT for a chance remark made by an acquaintance, Herbert Rupe, of Bucyrus, Ohio, might never have found his sisters— Mrs. Emery Davis and Beatrice Davis, as she is called now. But because of this casual word, Mr. Rupe made the interesting and exciting discovery that, for six years, he has been living within eighteen miles, of the long-lost members of his family.

The moment he picked up the clue that his sisters were alive and well in the nearby city of Marion, where the late President Harding used to edit a newspaper, he hurried there—and his seemingly hopeless search of two decades was over. There was a tearful and exciting reunion with a great deal of talking to be done to sketch in the long gap of 20 years.

The separation came when Mrs. Rupe died and the family was scattered. Because all the children were very young at the time of the family break-up, they soon lost track of one another and, as the years went on, about gave up hope of ever getting together again.

The reunited triumvirate are now combining their efforts to locate another brother, Everett, and they believe that the wide publicity given their dramatic reunion may reach him and bring him back into the fold.

Nine Sets of Twins in Same School

THE fame of Milwaukee now, as in days past, rests in large part on the amber and hoppy fluid which flows through the great and foaming vats of its breweries—but the community has other distinctions which serve to publicize it, not the least interesting of which is the uncommon number of twins to be found among the pupils of the William McKinley grade school. Sitting at the desks of this elementary institution of learning are no less than 18 healthy and happy youngsters who, by blood, vital statistics and the records of the department of education, are combined into nine pairs.

In all this group there is only one set of mixed twins, that is, a boy and girl. The other eight pairs are, strangely enough, of the same sex although five of these pairs are what the scientists call identical twins. The Syriopoulos girls, at the top of the picture, are in this category, so much that it is difficult for their teachers to tell one from the other. So are the Marcus boys (third from the top), the Berger brothers (sixth from the top), Roland and Donald Conte (next to the bottom) and little Rosemary and Maryrose Schauf, who occupy the bottom step. The members of each of these pairs look and act like each other and of course, their parents dress them alike.

Three of the "teams," besides the one pair of boy-and-girl twins, are made up of youngsters who do not look especially like one another. The Basta girls (on the third step from the bottom) would not be more unlike in appearance and temperament if they were the children of widely separated families. The same is true of the Van Court boys (five steps down from the top) for one of them is a blond and the other a brunette. And the same marked physical difference is apparent in Frederick and William Basta, the pleasant young fellows holding down the next-to-the-top step.

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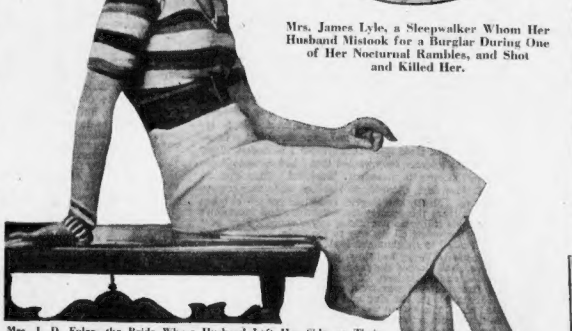
Science Studying the Weird Actions of Sleepwalkers

Investigations Show That Ordinarily Harmless People Can Commit Murders, Write Scurrilous Letters or Make Long and Dangerous Journeys While Fast Asleep---But Many Other Popular Notions About Somnambulists Are Exploded

Mrs. James Lyle, a Sleepwalker Whom Her Husband Mistook for a Burglar During One of Her Nocturnal Rambles, and Shot and Killed Her.

The Watching Detective Saw a Girl Dressed Only in Her Nightgown Slip Out of the House and Drop a Letter Into the Mailbox, but When He Stretched Out His Hand to Seize Her, He Observed She Was Sound Asleep; and It Turned Out That a Somnambulist Had Both Written and Mailed in Her Sleep the "Poison-Pen" Letters Which Had Caused Such Trouble.



Mrs. J. D. Foley, the Bride Whose Husband Left Her Side on Their Honeymoon and, Sound Asleep, Walked Out the Hotel Window, Waking Up With a Broken Leg on a Lower Roof.

The Attractive Wife of Frederick J. Stockwell, Whom He Killed and Cut to Pieces While He Was Sound Asleep.

Lieutenant John D. Foley, the Honeymoon Sleepwalker.

LIEUTENANT JOHN DYER FOLEY, Naval Medical Corps, was on his honeymoon in New York. One night, instead of awakening beside his bride in their hotel room, he found himself lying on a roof below with a broken leg. If it had been the time of the Arabian Nights he would have thought some jealous genii had thrown him there. It turned out that in his sleep he had gotten out of bed and walked out the hotel window, three stories higher than the roof upon which he fell. He was lucky to be alive.

Some time ago Ernest Duane, of Speculator, N. Y., was in camp with a guide named Eula Davis. Duane dreamed that he had killed Davis. When he awoke he found that he had. A jury convicted him, but the evidence that he was a sleepwalker, and therefore had not been responsible for the killing, was so convincing that President Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, pardoned him.

Alfred Morrison, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., had one night a vivid dream that robbers were in the house. Still asleep, he got up, found his revolver, and shot his wife fatally. The jury believed his defense of somnambulism and acquitted him. James Lyle, of Wichita, Kansas, made a reverse mistake. Awakening, he heard someone moving in the house. Taking a revolver, he called out to the invisible intruder to halt or he would fire. There was no halt, he fired and killed his wife. She was sleepwalking and had not heard him.

Then there was the strange case of Frederick J. Stockwell, of England. He hacked his wife to pieces with a knife while he was asleep. He proved somnambulism, but the British jury thought him too dangerous to be loose, and he is an inmate of a prison hospital.

Anne Walthers, a fifteen-year-old Brooklyn, N. Y., schoolgirl, got up one night and walked twenty-five miles to Elizabeth, N. J., before she woke up. She must have crossed bridges and ferries to have done it.

So it seems that a person can be fast asleep, go up to a ferry ticket office, buy a ticket, deposit it in the box, go on the boat, get off, and still be fast asleep.

Not so long ago the police of Lyons, France, investigated a "poison pen" outbreak which had made things singularly unpleasant for dozens of business men in the city. Anonymous letters were being received by their wives. The message was always the same: "A friend who wishes you well warns you that your husband is in love with his typist, who is plotting to bring about a divorce. Act upon this warning."

The letters had brought to a head in many homes the usual suspicion wives feel toward attractive stenographers. In several instances the warning had proved to be true. The business men, and particularly their associates whose wives had not yet received the letters, were exceedingly anxious to stop them. One clever thing the police did was to assume that the writer must be suffering from some nervous or mental condition so they sent photographs of the notes to all the doctors in Lyons.

One of these, a Dr. Pielbert, communicated with the police, saying that the writing resembled that of one of his patients, a typist who had been infatuated with her employer whose wife had insisted upon her discharge, and who had shown signs of mental trouble since she had lost her post. She was watched.

The postmark on all the anonymous letters showed they had been posted after midnight, and some nights later a watching detective saw a figure slip furtively out of the house in which the suspected typist lived and walk to the letter-box. To his astonishment, when he approached he perceived that it was a girl dressed only in a nightgown. As he reached out his hand to seize her he saw that although her eyes were wide open, they stared fixedly into vacancy.

The girl was a somnambulist. Obsessed by the idea that someone had warned her former employer's wife of her love for him, she wrote these anonymous letters in a trance condition, and addressed them to all the people she had known while employed as his typist. When awake she remembered nothing of what she had done.

There is something deeply terrifying in this fact that human bodies can play truant in sleep without their owners being conscious of their actions or able to govern them; that they can move about while the consciousness is soundly slumbering like an automobile whose driver is asleep at the wheel. And that at such times the somnambulist is not only exposed to danger of violent death or crippling accident, but is liable to commit crimes impossible to the normal self. In the "good old days" such cases were attributed to "demoniacal possession." It was thought that an evil spirit entered the sleepwalker, subjecting him to its will.

Science today, studying the phenomenon for new light upon obscure mental maladies and puzzles of human psychology, is not so sure that there was not an element of truth in the old idea. Only they do not call what actuate the sleepwalkers evil spirits, but savage brutal impulses which were normal enough when man was little more than a beast, but which civilization has been eradicating and which seldom get over the threshold of normal, wideswake consciousness except in moments of extraordinary stress and shock, and even then are seldom turned into action. People are like menageries with all sorts of wild beasts caged within them. As long as the keeper, the consciousness, is on the job the beasts do not cause much trouble. But in the case of the somnambulist, the keeper is asleep and any cage may open and any beast stalk out.

Furthermore, people have all sorts of worries, and dislikes, and unconventional desires. These are restrained from being put into action either by training, or like criminals, by fear of the law.

The scientists have discovered that sleepwalkers have no fear. That is why they can walk on roofs or narrow ledges from which the fear of falling would certainly make them fall if they were awake. It is not true, however, that a sleepwalker can safely walk on a wire or tight-rope unless he or she is an acrobat. Anyone can stand or walk easily enough on a three-inch board laid on the ground. So can anybody stand safely on a three-inch window-sill struck against the side of a house, provided the fear of falling does not unbalance him. It is reasonably certain that the sleepwalker really balances and handles himself less well than he would do if awake, not better. His advantage is that he is not afraid of heights or of falling. The consciousness being asleep, he does not know his danger.

This presumably was the case with Mr. Marston Coffin, of Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, of whom it is told that he got out of bed one night while dreaming maybe of Santa Claus, climbed to the roof of his house and then to the top of the chimney, where he slipped and fell down inside. Later on in the day muffled cries coming from the chimney brought workmen, who broke it open and took Mr. Coffin out. If he had been awake he probably would not have slipped and fallen in the chimney—but neither would he have had the nerve to climb up to the roof or chimney at all.

Another widely believed idea is that sleepwalkers will come to no harm if left alone, but will be shocked severely and perhaps killed if suddenly awakened. Neither part of this statement is true, for sleepwalkers frequently do fall and injure themselves severely or even kill themselves. And if proof were needed that a sudden awakening does not necessarily do any harm to the walker, there is the remarkable case of a British sailor who was a somnambulist, got up at night from his berth in the forecastle of his ship, walked out on deck, fell over the rail into the sea, but survived.

Last year the steam trawler Avonside was coasting along the northern coast of Scotland. The skipper was asleep in his berth, with the mate in charge of the ship. Happening to glance aft, the mate and the steersman were no little frightened to see a ghostly visitor climb silently over the rail at the stern and make its way in equal silence forward across the deck. Light was dim in those waters at two o'clock in the morning. Both the mate and the steersman were convinced that some supernatural duplicate of a man had boarded their ship. In panic, the mate rushed below and called the captain.

Less superstitious or made of sterner stuff, the skipper bent down and looked at the deck where the apparition had passed. He found wet footprints of sea water. Assuming that even a sea ghost probably would not find it necessary to leave wet footprints on the deck, the captain searched the ship. In the forecastle, a wet sailor was found drying himself preparatory to climbing back into his bunk. He was a sleepwalker. Walking in the night, he evidently had fallen overboard. The shock of cold water apparently woke him; at least his first recollection was awaking to find himself in the water. Just at that instant the stern of the ship went past. The sailor grabbed a trailing rope and climbed aboard. Obviously, the quick awakening had done him no harm, although had it not been for the trailing rope he never would have been available to describe the circumstances.

Such honeymoon accidents as that of Lieutenant Foley are even more common than sleepwalking accidents under other conditions. One cause of sleepwalking in persons who do not do it habitually is any kind of unusual surroundings. Sleepwalkers are more likely to practice their nocturnal excursions when away from home than in their own familiar bedrooms. Honeymoons, naturally, are times of unusual change and excitement, including changes of many habits. Brides and grooms who have any history of sleepwalking at all are especially likely to do so at that time.

Everybody dreams. Most people at times cry out in their dreams, or talk more or less audibly. A few people occasionally talk out loud. Still fewer occasionally get up out of bed and go sleepwalking. A very few indeed, especially if confronted with some extreme mental indecision or distress, go virtually to sleep for long periods or even forever, living meanwhile in a quite different personality just as a sleepwalker seems to do when he is walking.

It is believed to be in such states that people sometimes commit crimes for which they afterward claim that they were not responsible and of which they say that they knew nothing. And it is in such states of separated personality that sleepwalkers take journeys or walk long distances, like Miss Walthers of Brooklyn. There are authentic instances of people who walked for miles, took railway trains, made their way through traffic and so on, all while deeply asleep. Soldiers have kept on marching for hours while they were, as the phrase goes, "asleep on their feet." Drivers of automobiles have fallen asleep at the wheel. Some have wrecked their cars; others apparently drove perfectly, although with no memory afterward of what they had done. Contestants in the marathon dances which were common in the United States a few years ago danced for hours while to all intents and purposes they were sound asleep.

It is estimated that about two per cent of the population either walk in their sleep or are liable to do so. It is also suggested that the number of sleepwalkers is increasing, and that this is one result of mental strain and distress caused by the business depression. The best cures for sleepwalking, one physician has said, are a good conscience, a happy life and a comfortable bed to sleep on.

However, he did not tell at what super-pharmacy one could get these three enviable ingredients.

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"Living Ghost" Hid 5 Years In Attic

A LIVING ghost who hid five years, night and day, in his mother's attic, Charles E. Youngblood of Nashville, Tennessee, has just been captured by officers and now is in jail waiting for his trial on the charge of murdering his wife. All these years he had been living next door to a detective.

The glow of a cigarette, which passers-by noticed from time to time at night in the attic window, betrayed Youngblood. Nine years ago he had run away from Nashville after the body of his wife, riddled with bullets, had been found at the roadside near his home in the outskirts of the city. This was in mid-Winter, and officers with bloodhounds had tracked him to the bank of a river. There they had lost the trail, and had believed that Youngblood had been drowned in the icy water.

Two years later he was captured in Phoenix, Arizona, but, getting free on a writ of habeas corpus, he vanished again. Nothing was heard from him, and even the original indictment against him had been lost, when officers were tipped off recently that someone was hiding in his mother's attic in Nashville. Amazed deputies found that it was Youngblood, and that he had been living there secretly, right under their noses, for five years.

Searching the house, they found a secret panel behind a bed in his mother's bedroom, and, against her screaming protests, opened it and discovered an entrance to the attic. At the point of a shotgun they ordered Youngblood out. Unshaven, putty-faced and haggard, the ghost came out of the attic, his dull eyes blinking in the light. It was only a

The Glow of a Cigarette, Which Passers-by Noticed from Time to Time at Night in the Attic Window, at Last Betrayed the Fugitive, Who Had Hidden There, Day and Night, for Five Years.

shadow of the husky railroad switchman, 30 years old, who had run away from Nashville nine years before, but it was Youngblood. He was clad in a ragged shirt and blue denim trousers. He trembled violently, and did not put up any fight. He seemed glad to have come to the end of his long term of solitary confinement.

Beyond the fact that he had been hiding there five years, the officers could get nothing out of Youngblood. He refused to talk about the crime he was accused of committing, and so did his mother. To all questions the "ghost man" replied in a husky voice, "I have no statement to make." When taken before a magistrate and asked the question, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" he still answered doggedly, "I have no statement to make."

Even when faced by the sister of his murdered wife, Youngblood kept silent, but his face twitched and his eyes had a haunted look. A neighbor who lived near his home at the time of the killing identified Youngblood, though he was so gaunt and wasted there was little resemblance to his former self. Youngblood shook his head and mumbled that he did not know the man.

Officers found "third degree" questioning was useless. Reporters tried to coax words out of the "living ghost," but they failed also. They wanted to know how Youngblood had passed the time during the long confinement in his mother's attic, but the prisoner would not tell them.

Perhaps he spent his years in the darkness planning what he would do and say when officers of the law finally came to get him. If he planned a claim of insanity for his defense, doctors say, his long period of silence and endless thinking may prove to have been a good preparation for it. Solitary confinement eventually makes most prisoners crazy.

From his attic window, Youngblood could peep out and see Detective Ed Badacour, his next-door neighbor, one of the officers who was on the lookout for him. Every morning as Badacour left the house for his daily duties, and every afternoon when he returned home, the hunted man could see him from his prison. No doubt many a time in five years Youngblood's heart thumped violently as the detective cast a casual glance at the house next door and perhaps looked up at the attic window.

It was not Badacour, however, who captured him. Suspicious neighbors, who had long known of Mrs. Youngblood as the mother of a man who was accused of killing his wife, noticed from time to time at night the glowing end of a cigarette in the attic window. Youngblood kept his window open on Summer nights, for that was the only taste of the outdoors he could have. No doubt at first he had been very cautious about smoking near the window, but the passing of long years with nothing happening had made him overconfident.

There was a curious round of whisperings and rumors before the tip came to the law officers. Nobody could believe Youngblood, supposedly long dead and almost forgotten, could have crept back by night to his mother's home, and could have been hiding there all this time in the garret, like a creature of Dickens' London underworld.

But an Ohio man in search of his missing child, who had run down every wild report and vague rumor in an effort to find the possible kidnapers, heard the story of the midnight smoker in the attic. He asked for an investigation, and county officers went to the Youngblood home, with the result that the "living ghost" came back to the light.

The only evidence against Youngblood at the time of the murder was the story of witnesses who told of a violent quarrel the switchman and his wife had had that same evening. It had been reported that they were about to separate. Later at night a teamster was driving along the suburban road when his horse shied at something. It was the body of Mrs. Ruth Youngblood, who had been shot six times with a pistol. Her body lay but a short distance from her home. Evidently she had been walking to it from the end of the street car line when she was murdered.

Youngblood's disappearance convinced the officers that he had killed her. They still cannot understand how Youngblood got away that night when bloodhounds tracked him to the river—any more than they can understand how he could return to the scene of the crime of which he was accused, and live there secretly five years in an attic.

She Tours Europe On $3.75 And A Pistol

MISS PEGGY FREEMAN, a 24-year-old stenographer in a London office, finished typing a letter to an exporting firm in Spain, addressed the envelope, stamped it—and stared out of the window at the foggy drizzle in the noisy street.

Again she looked at the address on the envelope—Madrid—Spain—land of orange groves, romantic lovers and soft guitars. Again her eyes strayed vacantly out of the window. She closed them and visions of the pictures of Italy, Spain and the tropical palm-trees of Morocco and Algeria, as she had seen them in the travel magazines, passed through her brain.

Suddenly Peggy closed her note book with a snap, pushed back her chair, slowly counted the money in her pocketbook and found that it was only $3.75. As if in a dream, or beckoned by some invisible hand, she put on her hat and coat, walked out into the street and—disappeared.

Four months later Peggy Freeman returned to the office and swung a haversack on her typewriter desk. She wore a black beret aslant her short bobbed hair, her face was tanned to the shade of mahogany. Peggy had returned after a lone hike through France, Italy, Spain, Morocco, Algeria, Switzerland and Belgium—and she had made the journey on her meagre capital of $3.75. She had managed to hitch-hike, beg, and bum her way, but kept herself in small change by selling picture postcards of herself.

Peggy Could Not Get to Her Pistol, but She Had a Rock in Her Pocket Which She Made the Black Desert "Masher" Think Was a Weapon, and When She Pointed It at Him He Turned and Took to His Heels.

In shorts and an open-neck shirt, a typist had tramped across Europe and back again. She had been looking for adventure, and she found plenty. But she carried a menacing looking automatic pistol, for reliance in any desperate situation that might arise. She found she had need of this more than once, particularly in Spain and Alegria, where there were far too many handsome strangers anxious to befriend a lonely little girl.

Her first experience of this kind was in Spain, where the driver of a bus gave her a lift as she was hiking along the road near Burgos.

"I was the only passenger," Peggy explained in telling her adventures, "and as I was wearing shorts the driver could not make up his mind whether I was a boy or a girl. He could not speak English, and he kept making signs which I could not understand. Finally he showed me a picture of a man and a picture of a woman, and said, 'Which?' When I was unwise enough to point at the woman and let him know I was a girl, he tried to kiss me. I had to jump off the bus."

She went into a bank in Granada carrying a haversack and was immediately rushed out by two excited policemen. She did not know it was against the law in Spain to enter a bank carrying a bag of any sort. The police thought she had a bomb in it and was going to blow up the bank.

She tramped down to Algeciras and crossed to Morocco, but her most exciting adventures were waiting for her in Algeria. She was selling picture postcards of herself and offered them to two men who were sitting in a cafe together drinking coffee. One of them gave her about fifty cents in French currency, and then the other one grabbed her arm and said, "You had better come with me."

She could not have picked a worse customer, for he turned out to be the police commissioner, and it was against the law to sell postcards as she had been doing. The police gave her 24 hours to leave the country. She couldn't possibly hike to the frontier in that time, so she begged them to give her more time, and they finally made it three days.

"Day after day I spent tramping through the desert," Peggy related, "and I realized I had picked the world's worst place for 'hitch-hiking.' For the first time on my tramping tour I was really scared, because I had been warned that the wandering Arabs were dangerous. They are none too friendly toward Europeans anyhow, and to a lone English girl walking through the desert anything might happen. The 'sheiks' I saw were not of the fiction kind. They were mean-looking villains, and if it hadn't been for the fact that I faked a deep bass voice and bluffed them into thinking I was a boy, I might have wound up in some Bedouin's harem, in a dirty tent with lots of fleas about.

"As it was, I had to scare off some of the Arabs by showing my pistol, and to others, when I could make them understand me, I explained that I was an English subject and that at the next town the police were expecting me.

"I managed to get one lift in a car, but after a few miles the driver tried to make love to me, and I had to grab the steering-wheel and punch him on the nose. He stopped the car and made me get out and 'walk home,' but I was a long way from there. I was stranded with miles and miles of hot sands between me and the next town. 'Serves you right, Peggy,' I said to myself. 'You might have known this romance and adventure business had a catch in it!'

"Soon afterward I met a huge black fellow, who turned around and stared at me and then began following me. Pretty soon he shouted at me, and when I broke into a trot he ran after me and caught me.

"I couldn't get my pistol because it was packed away, but I had a stone in my pocket I was saving for just such a tight spot. I turned around and pointing the stone at him through my pocket I yelled, 'Now clear out before I shoot!' Much to my surprise—and relief, too, I'll tell you—it worked. He took to his heels. He thought I had a pistol in that pocket."

She reached the frontier in five days instead of three, but the police did not bother her any more. Then she crossed to Italy and hiked over one of the roads that led to Rome, where she immediately got into hot water by asking somebody where Mussolini lived.

"Before I knew what was happening a policeman had grabbed hold of each arm and I was marched to the police station," she said. "They searched me from chin to toe and discovered my automatic and some cartridges a Spanish officer had given me. That created a sensation. They had all the evidence they wanted that I had come to Rome and was plotting to assassinate Mussolini. They kept me in jail three days, Saturday to Monday, while they investigated me. Finally the English consulate got me out, but I had to leave the country immediately. And Mussolini's boy friends still were not taking any chances. They gave me a police escort all the way to the Swiss border. From there I hiked to Belgium and back home."

Romance? Peggy had three proposals while she was on the road, and slapped the faces of men—though that hardly came under the head of romance—in eight countries. Her first proposal was from an Englishman in Biarritz, who even bought the ring and was quite upset when she jilted him. The second was from a Spanish policeman and the third from a French officer.

"But I didn't want to get married, thanks just the same," said Peggy. "I was bored before I left on this hiking trip, but I'm not bored any more. I'm ready to get back at my typewriter. I had romance, thrills, adventure and a swell vacation—for $3.75. Any girl can do it. But she'd better not forget her automatic!"

Kept Her Child Leashed Like A Dog

LEO PAQUETTE'S wife ruled the household, so every day when 12-year-old Rolande came home from school she was chained up to her bed with a six-foot chain and two padlocks weighing six pounds. Every night was torture for the little French-Canadian girl of Terrebonne, Que., for the chains bit deeply into her body and she soon became a mass of sores and scars that she will bear for the rest of her life. Sundays and holidays she spent chained up like a dog, padlocked the whole weekend to the bed, and she had to endure the frequent beatings of her mother.

But rumors reached the ears of Terrebonne's Mayor Masson and the chief of police, who communicated with the provincial police in Montreal. Two detectives traveled out to the Paquette home to investigate the whispered brutalities and at first found nothing out of the ordinary. They met Rolande and the rest of the family, three brothers aged 25, 17 and 15 years, and the parents. While the mother was present none of the family ventured to say anything; they appeared to be terror stricken and even the father trembled, but when the detectives ordered the parents out of the room the brothers said that every day Rolande was beaten, seized and chained to the bed by her mother.

The detectives started a search of the house. Soon they unearthed the chain, hidden in the bedroom, and one of the padlocks, concealed under the pillow of Rolande's bed. On the strength of this evidence the family was immediately placed under arrest and brought to Montreal. There the girl was examined by the provincial medico-legal expert. What he saw shocked him beyond expression.

Little Rolande's body was a mass of sores and scars, some healed, others still festering. Around her waist she bore a ring of suppurating flesh where the links of the chain had eaten into the skin. The child was unable to lie down because her bruises hurt so much. She was suffering from partial starvation and was in an emaciated condition.

"Rolande deserved all she got," was all her mother would say. When she was searched by a police matron two keys which fitted into the padlocks were discovered in her clothing. Never once did Rolande or her brothers mention their father's name, but the brothers admitted that Leo Paquette had tried several times to interfere in the brutal handling his wife meted out to his child. Even the older members of the family had been severely beaten on occasion by Mrs. Paquette.

Poor Paquette had married a woman five years his senior and many times his weight. Marital peace as far as he was concerned consisted in keeping his mouth shut and he did not dare divert his wife's wrath from his children upon his own head. His wife was a big woman weighing 215 pounds while the most he could scale in good condition was 115 pounds.

The police then made the discovery that there is another daughter, Germaine, 25 years of age, confined in a Montreal institution for the insane. She has been there for the last three years and her condition is declared to be due to her mother's brutalities over a period of some 12 years. Mrs. Paquette was charged with causing grievous bodily harm to little Rolande, and although the police were sure the helpless husband was innocent of any of the shocking treatment, he was also charged with being an accessory to the fact because he had neglected to interfere. The couple were remanded for trial at St. Jerome.

Romantic Rascal Who Made Love In Sleeping Cars

FREDERIC MAURICE DE LA TOUR D'ALBRET, COMTE D'ADHEMAR—which was just one of twelve fancy names he used—worked fast, on a fast train.

He was no more a count than was the conductor of any of the night luxury trains from Paris to the Riviera which he patronized. But gullible English ladies whom he met as passengers believed everything he told them. He said he was a descendant of Adhemar, first of the Bourbons, but he was just a gigolo. He had a style and a finesse all his own, however, and he swindled his fair dupes out of millions of francs by means of his midnight courtships.

He was arrested the other day as he stepped off the train after a return trip, at the Paris station, the Gare de Lyon. One rich lady he had fooled had got so angry about it she had told the whole story to the police, regardless of her reputation, and after his arrest a whole string of victims took courage and piled up more complaints. Ladies can do this in Paris, because the French police are very gallant about suppressing their names in such cases.

This lightning wooer, "Don Juan of the Sleepers," as he has been called since the whole truth of his methods came out, lifted "dots" from his overnight sweethearts with incredible skill. The "dot" is the marriage portion which cautious French bridegrooms demand that their brides must furnish. Marriage is a business proposition in France. The girl has got to put up as much "dough," which is the way "dot" is pronounced, as the husband

Riding Up and Down on the Luxury Trains Between Paris and the Riviera, the "Don Juan of the Sleepers" Plied His Gigolo Trade and Often Became Engaged to a Lady—and Swindled Her—Overnight.

does, in most cases. The interest he may spend on family support, the principal remaining hers. But in the case of the fake Frederic Maurice de la Tour d'Albret, Comte d'Adhemar, he did not wait until the marriage contract was drawn up, but collected his dough in advance.

In order to do this, Frederic had to have methods that were highly polished, and they were. He usually bribed a car attendant to help him.

The lady passenger, alone in her compartment, would be approached by this attendant.

"Alas, there has been some mistake, Madame," she would be told. "You are in the wrong compartment. This one has been reserved for the Comte d'Adhemar—see, here is the name: 'Frederic Maurice de la Tour d'Albret, Comte d'Adhemar.' The Count is much upset."

The lady would protest indignantly, and at this point the handsome and dapper young "Count" himself would appear. He would demand to know what was the cause of all this argument, and then he would say:

"Ridiculous! It is nothing, my man. I should not dream of disturbing this lady. What does it matter, which compartment I occupy? Absurd—go about your business."

After this it was only necessary for the "Count" to turn on the full radiance of his charm, and in four times out of five he got everything he wanted. After a few minutes of chatting he would suggest champagne, and this made the progress of the luxury train faster and pleasanter. By ten o'clock he would have kissed her, and by midnight, the chances were, they were engaged to be married. As to other details of the courtship, the Paris police merely shrug their shoulders.

In at least two cases, the police admit, Frederic rushed through his wedding preparations to the extent of sending radio messages from the train to their destination, ordering a marriage license to be issued and ready for them when they stepped off the train, and making all other arrangements for the ceremony. The Count loved his fiancee so madly, in every case, that he just couldn't wait a minute longer than was absolutely necessary. Before the hour for the wedding arrived, however, Frederic would have disappeared with all the jewels of his bride-to-be and all the money or checks she had turned over to him.

The "Count" always sadly admitted that like most noblemen nowadays, he was financially embarrassed. To one of his sweethearts he told such a convincing story about the need of restoring his family mansion that she agreed to the transfer of a large sum of money to him.

"I could not think of taking you there, my sweet," he told her, "until all the repairs are completed. Let us love beneath the moon of the Riviera, while a fitting home is being prepared for us."

By the first available moonlight, however, Frederic had hastened away with the money which the trusting Englishwoman had transferred to him.

The "Count" did not always prey on middle-aged and giddy women, either, as is the practice of most Paris gigolos. He charmed young and pretty ones. In one case the daughter of a titled English family, whose name the Paris police have carefully withheld, was traveling to the Riviera with a chaperon. Frederic made their acquaintance by his usual methods and then, while the indulgent chaperon looked the other way in order not to interfere too much with the young folk, the "Count" made convincing love to the girl. He told her that his stern parents would never consent to his marriage to an English girl, but that he could not live without her. He was willing to defy his family, renounce his inheritance, give up his rights to the family estates, if she would only marry him.

"But I have plenty of money," the girl said. "Why, I've got a letter of credit with me for two thousand pounds. We can get married no matter what your people say."

Frederic got the girl's two thousand pounds and left her stranded in Nice.

The Paris police say "Comte d'Adhemar" has already served three short jail terms for swindling operations, and they now have the names of at least a hundred women who have been his victims. This time it is proposed to send him for a long sojourn on Devil's Island, where there aren't any women to woo.

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"You'll Never See My Husband Again, Mabel—"

And With This Prediction Young Mrs. Thompson Swished the Acid From the Hidden Bottle Across "the Other Woman's" Eyes--But a Sympathetic Jury Lets Her Off With a Year, Although Her Rival Is Condemned to a Lifetime of Blindness and Disfigurement

Rosemary Was Combing Her Sister Mabel's Hair When Mrs. Thompson Came Quietly In; and After Crying, "You'll never see my husband again, Mabel——," Drew a Bottle of Acid and Swished Its Contents Across the Eyes and Face of the Woman Who Had Stolen Her Husband's Love.

Rosemary Burris, Mabel's Sister, Who Was Brushing Her Sister's Hair When Mrs. Thompson Threw the Acid.

Is Now—Almost Completely Blind

Mrs. Mabel Burris Higgins, As She Was Before the Acid Was Thrown Into Her Eyes, and, on the Left, as She

John Thompson, the Husband, the Cause of All the Trouble.

Mrs. Mariam Thompson, the Injured Wife, Who Took Her Revenge Upon Mrs. Higgins by Blinding and Disfiguring Her.

MRS. MABEL BURRIS HIGGINS was looking with youth's bright eyes at her own charming reflection in the mirror as her younger sister, Rosemary Burris, made playful experiments in dressing Mabel's hair.

Little did the 22-year-old matron dream that it was to be the last time she would ever fully see her own pretty face.

The two girls giggled and chattered as their mother, Mrs. Harvey Burris, prepared dinner in the good-sized and old-fashioned kitchen of their farm outside of Maryville, Missouri.

Tragedy was approaching in a form that many women would consider worse than death. The screen door squeaked and in tragedy came, but none of the three women recognized it in the shape of Mrs. Mariam Thompson, their 26-year-old neighbor, who was always welcome to enter that way, without knocking.

The three women exchanged friendly greetings with their caller, who smilingly asked if she could have a drink of water. Mrs. Burris, busy over the range, told her that she would find a glass at the sink. Mrs. Thompson quietly went to the sink and bent over it, but instead of getting a drink she took the cork out of a bottle of carbolic acid. Then, walking past the unsuspecting Mrs. Burris, she approached the two laughing sisters, and suddenly cried:

"Mabel!"

At this three faces turned toward her in surprise. She wanted only one of the faces, that of Mrs. Mabel Higgins. Right into Mabel's bright eyes, wide with surprise, Mrs. Thompson swished the acid as she cried:

"You'll never see my husband again, Mabel!"

There was an instant of stunned silence, as the caller started hastily toward the door. Then came a gasp that turned into a shriek, as the acid began eating.

Rosemary dashed out the door to seize Mariam while Mrs. Burris rushed to the aid of her tortured daughter.

Outside the door Mrs. Thompson whirled and threatening her pursuer with the bottle said:

"Maybe you want some of the same dose."

Rosemary's own burning hands upon which some of the acid had splashed, and her sister's shrieks told her what that dose would be. She backed away. She might have defied a pistol or a knife, but what girl could face a thing that makes one blind and hideous to look at? So Rosemary backed away and Mariam ran for the street.

Mr. Burris, hearing the cries of his daughter, rushed in, was told what had happened and without a word, picked up a baseball bat. With this he pursued the acid-thrower.

When Mabel's father caught up with Mrs. Thompson, he hesitated. After all she was a woman, and the old instinct never to hurt one, no matter what she had done, held his angry arm long enough for a doubt to arise. Perhaps Mabel wasn't blinded or even hurt much. As he explained afterward:

"You never can tell about women. Sometimes they keep quiet when they are dying, and then again they yell bloody murder, when they are more mad than hurt."

Manlike, Burris went back to make sure, and by the time he knew the worst the acid-thrower had made her escape. Mrs. Higgins was rushed to St. Francis Hospital where for a time it seemed that she would die from the pain and the shock of knowing what had happened to her. She wanted to die but they would not let her, finally saving her life and a little of her sight. Enough so she can see dimly out of one corner of one eye. The rest of her vision is lost forever and with it the good looks which caused the tragedy.

This happened last July. Mrs. Thompson was arrested and the other day came to trial at Maryville, charged with assault with intent to maim. Before a crowded courtroom the whole story came out. It had all been over the love of Mariam's husband, John Thompson. John and Mariam had been boy and girl sweethearts in school, where he had been the most admired boy in the class and she, as its smartest pupil, the class valedictorian, at the age of eighteen.

Then the smartest girl and the most attractive youth were married; which seemed like a good match.

But John had been too attractive and women had kept on being fascinated after he was married. There were several affairs which the defense asserted had made Mrs. Thompson worried and jealous. However, she said that these had not lasted very long, and between times he had always been a good provider as well as attentive and affectionate. Also they had a son, almost four years old when she discovered the affair with Mrs. Higgins. The other transgressions had been endurable and forgivable, but this was different. She said that Mrs. Higgins had actually asked Mrs. Thompson to give up her husband to her. This, Mariam said, caused her to become temporarily insane.

That insanity would be the defense was guessed soon after the acid-throwing when it was rumored that Mrs. Thompson had burst into the hospital where her victim was suffering agony and had threatened to do her further injury. It was said that the hospital nuns carried her out of the building, kicking and screaming.

On the stand, the acid-thrower, facing a possible five-year term in the penitentiary, seemed not only sane but keen-witted as she related to the jury how her victim had told her of her love for John and had urged Mariam to give him up to her. After that visit she had confronted her husband with his infidelity, but he had assured her that he was "all through with that woman" and in order not to be bothered with her attentions was getting her a job at St. Joseph, forty miles away.

Mrs. Thompson said that she believed this for a while, but had increasing suspicions, because that job never materialized; while her husband was away many nights when she knew that Mabel was also not at the home of her parents. Finally came positive proof in the form of a passionate letter from the other woman, which she found in one of her husband's pockets. The letter was not introduced in evidence but Mrs. Thompson was allowed to quote from it. Besides many other avowals of love, she said that Mabel had stated that if she was ever to have any children they would be by John.

The night before the tragedy, Mariam related, John and Mabel were away again all night, and in the morning, she said, her husband confessed to her that he and she had spent most of it in a parked car, outside of St. Joseph. That confession, she testified, was the last straw. Her mind had become a blank from that moment until her husband informed her that Mabel might die of the acid burns. To substantiate this plea of temporary insanity further testimony was introduced.

Other witnesses said that Mrs. Thompson's grandfather had in recent years become entirely incompetent mentally, but Judge D. D. Reeves remarked that a certain mental degeneration in a man of eighty-four years of age did not strike him as any indication of hereditary insanity.

The dramatic high spot of the trial came when Virgil Rathbun, prosecuting attorney, called his star witness to the stand, the victim herself. The spectators gasped as they saw what had once been a gay and pretty young woman, come groping slowly down the aisle. Heavy smoked glasses, such as blind beggars wear, covered her ruined eyes but these did not hide the livid scars where the acid had eaten away the soft skin of her cheeks. With head turned sideways that she might see out of that one remaining useful corner of an eye, Mabel reached the stand.

The main purpose she was to achieve was to have the jury see for themselves just what damage had been wrought by Mrs. Thompson's jealous fury. To do this she would have to take off those black spectacles which meant that everyone else in the courtroom would also see. When the realization came over the wretched woman that probably every young man who had admired and wanted her and every girl who had envied her attractions might be there to stare and shudder, it was too much. Rather than suffer this public humiliation, it would be better to let the woman who had done it get away unpunished. Mabel burst into hysterics and finally had to be carried out of the courtroom.

As usual in a criminal trial, the defendant had the advantage of the law's technicalities. Mrs. Thompson's lawyers were free to introduce all the testimony they liked to prove how she had been provoked by her husband's behavior with Mabel and other women. The effect of this on the jury's sympathies would be largely neutralized if the state could show that Mrs. Thompson had been equally faithless to her husband. The prosecution proceeded to try to do this but the court struck it out as irrelevant.

The jury, after several hours deliberation, brought in a verdict of guilty, fixing the penalty at only one year in the county jail. Mrs. Thompson heard it apparently unmoved, as well she might. The year will pass quickly enough and she will then emerge, still young, with sight and good looks unimpaired and fully conscious that the woman she hates has been sentenced for life to disfigurement and at least a three-quarter blindness. But even that does not satisfy her lawyers, who have appealed the case.

Nevertheless one promising thing is to be noted. At least for once a jury has refused to swallow that threadbare "mind-was-a-blank" story, the most convenient of all defenses. The defendant has only to assert that at a certain convenient moment his mind went blank and remained that way until another equally convenient moment when he became normal again. When the prosecutor asks him questions covering anything in that period which might reveal that it was no act of temporary insanity but a calculated, cold-blooded crime, the defendant glibly answers:

"I don't remember—my mind was a blank."

When she comes out of jail, Mariam will have the further bother of defending damage suits which Mrs. Burris and Rosemary have brought against her. Also during that year she won't be able to keep much of an eye on her husband.

There is something else Mrs. Thompson may worry about. Many years ago Holbrook Blinn produced a one-act play, "A Kiss In The Dark," in which a discarded mistress blinded her ex-lover with vitriol. Later the blind man lured her into his grasp and evened things up by blinding her in exactly the same way. Then he cried:

"Now kiss me—a kiss in the dark!"

That was fiction, but Mr. and Mrs. Isador Meyerson of Brooklyn did the same thing to each other in real life. First she blinded her husband but escaped punishment on the plea that it was not jealousy but self-defense. Years later her husband got hold of her one night, and with a handkerchief soaked in the acid of a radio battery, evened up the score between them, exactly as did the blinded lover of "A Kiss in the Dark."

Will Mrs. Thompson go to bed every night the rest of her life with the dread of waking to feel groping hands at her face and a burning rain falling into her eyes?

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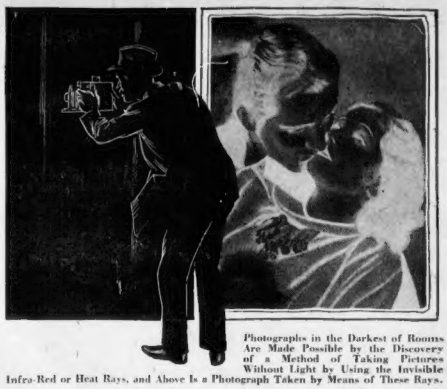
Things Science Discovered in 1933

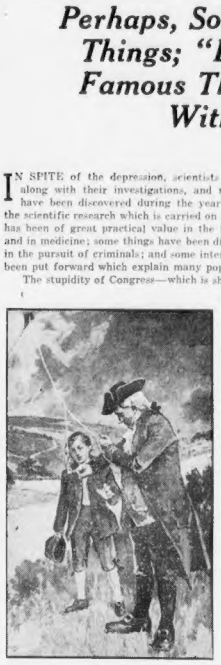
How to Take Photographs in Pitch-Dark Rooms; Why Flies Like White Table-Cloths Better Than Colored Ones; Why, Perhaps, Some Congressmen Do and Say Such Foolish Things; "Bilious" Children More Likely to Become Famous Than Others---And a Mystery That Began With Old Ben Franklin Solved At Last



Photographs in the Darkest of Rooms Are Made Possible by the Discovery of a Method of Taking Pictures Without Light by Using the Invisible Infra-Red or Heat Rays, and Above Is a Photograph Taken by Means of These Rays.

IN SPITE of the depression, scientists have gone right along with their investigations, and many new things have been discovered during the year 1933. Some of the scientific research which is carried on all over the world has been of great practical value in the field of invention and in medicine; some things have been discovered of value in the pursuit of criminals; and some interesting ideas have been put forward which explain many popular mysteries.

The stupidity of Congress—which is shown so often and in so many directions—is attributed to bad air in the national capital; it is asserted that bilious children are more likely than the average to be famous; and a reason is pointed out why standing up straight makes people more courageous.



The Nature of "Positive Electricity," a Mystery That Began When Franklin Flew His Kite in a Thunderstorm and Tied to Its String the Historic Key, Was Solved by Science in 1933 After 150 Years.

Among the variegated discoveries in 1933 was the explanation of why flies like white table-cloths better than red or blue ones; why good brains are better than poor brains; how to get thin without dieting; and how to stop icicles on rain-spouts from falling off in the Spring and dropping on some passerby.

It will not be a pleasant piece of news to criminals to learn that science has found a brand-new and very efficient way to photograph the crook, even when he is working in the dark and nobody is nearby. This scientific miracle is accomplished by using infra-red rays, invisible to the human eye, but which are plainly seen by the camera. Thus the thief in the museum or library, lovers in what they think are lightless conservatories, a couple in a hotel room—anybody seeking refuge in the dark—can now be photographed as clearly as in bright sunshine.

New inventions include a soap for washing trees, dyes to turn white flowers any color that the public wants the florist to sell, an instrument to test the breath of farms and find out how fertile the soil is and platinum-plated gold sheets to make printed or pictorial records which are guaranteed to last a hundred thousand years, although no one has invented a way for the recipient of this guarantee to live until 101,934 and collect in case the guarantee is wrong.

And new discoveries of the year have cast grave doubts on some current theories about the kinds of foods supposed to keep the body alkaline instead of acid, and on the usual theories of the flight of birds, supposed so certain that airplane designers have been using these ideas for years in figuring the sizes and shapes of aircraft.

The mystery of what makes the Blue Ridge Mountains blue has been solved, at least in theory, and two important discoveries have been made in the past few weeks pointing to a possible solution of the mysteries of sunspots and their effects on earth, a matter discussed only a few weeks ago in this magazine. New mysteries have been raised, however, by discoveries about the way that children grow in spurts instead of steadily from month to month, and about how these things may be affected by the kind and amount of electricity in the air.

To scientists, the foremost discovery in 1933 probably was one which has been sought for vainly ever since the days when Benjamin Franklin dared the heavens by flying a kite in a thunderstorm, to the string of which he had attached a metal key. Old Ben risked his life, but by this and other experiments he proved that there are two kinds of electricity, positive and negative. The nature of negative electricity was discovered years ago but no one could catch the positive kind until the past year. Then three sets of experimenters discovered it almost at the same instant; Dr. Carl D. Anderson at the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, Professor P. M. S. Blackett at Cambridge University in England, and Madame Irene Curie-Joliot and her husband Dr. F. Joliot in France. Madame Curie-Joliot is the daughter of the famous woman physicist, Madame Marie Curie.

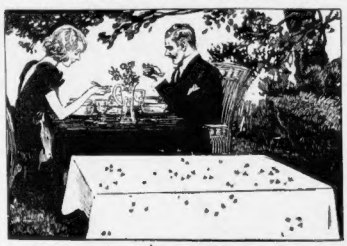
This solution of the long-standing mystery about positive electricity is the discovery of a new, invisible particle, still smaller than the smallest atom of matter. It is called a positron. When Benjamin Franklin took a silk handkerchief and rubbed a glass rod or a rotating globe of sulphur, he realized that two kinds of electricity could be produced, depending upon what substance he rubbed and what he rubbed it with. He had a dim idea, also, that he was rubbing off or onto the glass or sulphur some mysterious substance, perhaps an invisible "electric fluid," perhaps something else.

More than twenty years ago, Professor R. A. Millikan, then at the University of Chicago, proved that Franklin's negative electricity consists of vast crowds of tiny, invisible particles called electrons, the same electrons that now work the vacuum tubes of radio sets. Still, nobody could discover what the positive electricity was. This year the three independent workers mentioned proved that it, too, consists of particles like the electrons but seemingly much smaller and with the properties of Franklin's positive kind of electricity instead of his negative kind.

Whether these new positrons will be put to uses as important and as varied as the electrons have been in such things as radio, the talking pictures and the photo-electric cells or "electric eyes" nobody yet knows, but at least a scientific mystery more than a century and a half old has been made clear.

The infra-red rays, too, have been known for more than a century, but it never was possible to use them, except the use that Nature makes of them in bringing to the earth the heat of the sun and in other instances when they usually are called "heat rays." Recently the Eastman Kodak organization in the United States and the Ilford one in England both have developed special kinds of photographic films which will record these totally invisible rays. Photographs may be made by them in absolute darkness; which means another danger for wrongdoers to avoid. Infra-red photographs also may be taken through clouds and haze and for distances as great as a hundred miles, which is expected to be of great use to scout airplanes in warfare as well as to explorers in unknown countries.

The preference of flies for white table-cloths and bright dining rooms and kitchens also involves these infra-red rays, according to experiments reported by Mr. Zarmair Zakarian to the American Physical Society. What the flies really likey be discovered, is warmth. In addition to reflecting more light than black, dark blue or dark red table-cloths would do, the white one also reflects more of the invisible infra-red or heat rays. The flies' bodies absorb these rays and get warmer. Accordingly, the insects prefer to sit on white table-cloths, move into reasonably bright rooms and so on, rather than seeking dark places; something for housewives to remember this Summer when the fly plagues begin. Perhaps a white table-cloth should be spread in one room, or outside, for the flies to sit on, while the family enjoys a flyless dinner on a blue table-cloth in another room, or nearby in the open.



The Discovery That Flies Like White Table-Cloths Better Than Colored Ones and the Explanation of This Curious Fact Suggests That Outside Diners Should Have a Separate Table to Attract the Flies Away From Them.

Another bit of scientific news about insects is the increasing certainty of European experts that fleas slowly are vanishing, or, at least, are becoming far less common than they were a generation or two ago. Sometimes this is ascribed to better average cleanliness, but Mr. E. C. Read, chief rat officer of the British Ministry of Health, recently suggested that the real enemies which are conquering fleas are the paved highway and the vacuum cleaner. In the old days fleas used to live and breed in enormous numbers in the dust of unpaved roads and in the thick and seldom-cleaned carpets in homes. Nowadays, almost all highways are paved. There is no dust for the fleas to live in. In homes, vacuum cleaners have been introduced with power to suck out every reluctant flea from the rug or carpet in which he has taken refuge.

Bad Air Makes "Hot Air." It Is Suggested That the Blunders and Antics of So Many Congressmen and Senators and Similar Representatives Abroad Are Largely Due to Poor Ventilation in the Buildings Where They Function.

The new way to get rid of fat, still under trial in medical laboratories but extremely promising, is to swallow a new drug originally suggested by Professor C. Heymans at the University of Ghent, in Belgium, but chiefly developed for practical use by Dr. W. C. Cutting and his associates in San Francisco, and by Professor E. C. Dodds of the University of London. This drug makes the body burn up more food material, much as a fever would do, but without creating any actual fever. Unfortunately, too large a dose of the drug is dangerous. At least one experimenter has been killed by it. Dr. Cutting and Professor Dodds agree, however, that it can be used safely if taken in small enough doses and under strict medical control, and that it probably will provide the long-sought boon for fat ladies with good appetites, to gain, regain or retain a sylphlike figure without the agony of doing without meals.

Another new drug which may be of enormous importance in saving life has been emphasized during the year by experiments of Dr. J. Holden Robbins of Madison, Wisconsin. It is called cortin and is extracted by a complicated chemical process from the adrenal glands of cattle or other animals slaughtered for food. It combats exhaustion. One of Dr. Robbins' patients who was at the point of death from complete exhaustion of bodily reserves as the result of an ulcerated throat was saved dramatically by a few injections of the drug. Doctors so often believe that if a patient's strength could be kept up only a few days or a few hours longer the disease might be conquered that cortin is expected to save many lives.

More surprising are the important experiments conducted during the year at Santa Barbara, California, by Dr. F. Bischoff and his associates on the effects of different foods in maintaining the alkaline character of the body or in correcting what is called bodily acidity. For years these ideas of bodily acidity and alkalinity have been accepted by everybody and have been put into practice by millions of people who avoid meat and sugar, or who take other foods in order to keep away from the supposed dangers of acidity or acquire the alleged benefits of alkalinity.

What the Santa Barbara experimenters report is that these foods do nothing of the kind. A pound of raw beef was found without effect in increasing the acidity, as it is supposed to do. But what these surprising results mean and just how completely current theories of foods and diets will have to be changed it will need more experiments to decide.

The revisions which aircraft engineers will have to make in theories based on the supposed flying methods of birds have been pointed out in a book published in France by Dr. E. Batault, a physicist who had for a lifetime hobby the study of birds and how they fly. From calculations which other mathematicians report to be unimpeachable, Dr. Batault concludes that the up-and-down beat of the bird's wings cannot possibly provide enough energy to keep the bird aloft in still air. Instead, he believes that the tiny elements of the bird's feathers are so arranged that air slides off the wings in a kind of backward stream, like the stream of gases from a rocket or from one of the rocket-driven spaceships which writers of scientific fiction are fond of imagining. This, he thinks, is the real explanation of the flight of birds. They literally go up like rockets, although they have safer ways of gliding down.

The opinion that children of the type called "bilious" are likely to be famous was expressed by Dr. C .P. Lapage of Manchester, England. This is because these children usually are what doctors call "allergic," which means that they have the kinds of bodily character especially subject to such diseases as hay fever and asthma. Biliousness in children, Dr. Lapage believes to be a condition of this same class. With this goes a highly strung nervous organization and a mental activity which may be troublesome to the person who possesses them and to that person's family, but which are likely to aid success as a writer, artist or other creative person; including success in creative business, in public service or in the professions.

That the habit of standing up straight with the head held erect increases courage is urged by Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the British Board of Education, because this posture opens the arteries in the neck and lets more and fresher blood reach the brain.

An anonymous member of the Chamber of Deputies in Paris is responsible for the sensible idea that stale, bad air in the meeting rooms of his own Chambers and of other assemblies such as the British Parliament and the American Congress dulls the brains of the members so that they are even more stupid and foolish than Nature intended.

The condemnation of modern feminine clothes—or of the prevailing lack of them—as causing neuritis and other pains comes from a German specialist, Dr. R. Milner. Even complete nudism, however, is not without its medical advocates, so Dr. Milner's opinion does not stand unopposed.

The new bath soap for trees is a chemical compound of phosphorus and other elements worked out at the Mellon Institute, in Pittsburgh. It is reported that trees made dull and grimy by city smoke can have their faces washed bright and shining for a few cents.

The new instrument for testing how fertile a farm is by the way that it breathes takes a small sample of the soil and determines how much oxygen that sample uses per day and how much carbon dioxide gas it gives off. These changes really are due to the breathing of myriads of tiny microorganisms in the soil. Since these invisible soil creatures are known to be more plentiful in fertile soils than in poor ones, the daily average of their breath is an index of soil fertility.

The new dyes for flowers, which have been developed by manufacturers both in England and in America, are merely put into water into which the cut stems of white flowers then are dipped. Yellows, reds, greens, and even blacks can be produced. The new records that are expected to last forever are made by reproducing photographically a printed page or a written document in letters of dull-finished platinum on a shiny platinum surface, the whole being attached to a sheet of gold even thinner than a visiting card. It is claimed that only actual destruction by human agency or a fire hot enough to melt the gold would make such a record unreadable.

The prevention of dangerous icicles on house eves in Winter is a process of the General Electric Company for laying special heating cables in rainspouts or other places where water may freeze dangerously in cold weather. A small amount of electric current turned into these cables generates a tiny quantity of heat but enough to keep the rainspouts open and the dangerous icicles unformed.

Anyone Who Has Ever Been Hit by a Falling Icicle Will Appreciate the Discovery of a Way to Prevent Them From Forming.

The new theory of why the famous Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia have always been so blue that thousands of songs and stories have been written about them ever since Colonial days was suggested by Mr. Irving F. Hand of the United States Weather Bureau. It is that the air above these mountains probably contains an unusual proportion of pollen dust given off by the trees covering the hills. This dust makes the mountains look blue for the same reason that the sky looks blue, as a result of the effects of the tiny floating dust particles on the daylight.

The new information about sunspots includes a discovery by Dr. Albert Nodon in France and another by Dr. Charles G. Abbot, of the Smithsonian Institution in America. Dr. Nodon has discovered what he believes to be an invisible kind of sunspots, previously unsuspected because they cannot be seen in telescopes but which nevertheless seem to have effects on electricity in the earth's atmosphere and also on earthly weather. Dr. Abbot's recent contribution is the discovery that many earthly weather conditions seem to vary in a cycle which is the length of two sunspot cycles instead of one of them; that is about twenty-three years instead of about eleven years. Taken together, these ideas may furnish material for solution of the important but mysterious and contradictory effects which the sunspot cycle is believed to have on weather, crops, prosperity and many other human affairs.

Perhaps some such solar influences may explain the mysterious variations which have been discovered in the growth of children. Dr. Carroll E. Palmer, of Johns Hopkins University, has discovered that average American children apparently grew considerably faster in 1926 and 1927 than they did in any other years between 1921 and 1927. It has been discovered, also, that the average child grows faster in the Fall than in the Spring. In Strasbourg, France, Professor F. Vles has discovered that babies grow faster if their cribs are electrically insulated from the ground than if these cribs are "grounded" by a wire, as is done with radio sets. Apparently human growth is affected somehow or other by the electric condition of the earth or the air.

Another mystery which the year's scientific work has presented without solving is that of the variations of disease in New York City, both in time and in space. New York is fortunate to have a particularly active and careful statistical bureau in the city's Department of Health, which bureau has divided the city's area into thirty-one separate districts. For each of these, disease rates, death rates and similar information are computed separately. For some mysterious reason one of these districts, in a part of Brooklyn, has more than twice as many fatal cases of one disease, diabetes, as occur in some other districts, such as Staten Island. Tuberculosis is more than five times worse in some districts than in others. Similarly with the statistics for disease changes from year to year; measles is bad every other year, scarlet fever shows a mysterious tendency to be bad every five years, and so on. No one knows what causes these fluctuations, but medical experts propose to find out.

Finally, the year's record includes an important report of Dr. W. H. F. Addison and Dr. H. H. Donaldson, of Philadelphia, on the measurement of fifty-seven average human brains as compared with the brains of three outstanding scholars and intellectual geniuses whose brains had been bequeathed for study. The conclusion is that the three exceptionally good brains did not have any more of the traditional "gray matter" than the average brains, but had more of the other kind of brain material, the so-called white matter.

The gray matter consists of the bodies of the brain cells themselves, the cells which are believed to do virtually all of the thinking. The white matter is believed to be made up of the tiny nerve threads or "wires" which connect the gray cells to each other. The obvious conclusion is that a good brain is not necessarily one of larger size or provided with more of the gray cells, but is one in which the connections of these cells to each other are more numerous than the average, or better provided for in some other way, just as the efficiency of a business or a city may depend on the perfection of communication between its parts, such as the perfection of the telephone system.

Meanwhile a possible brain hazard in the return of red wine after the demise of prohibition has been suggested by Dr. J. F. Greenfield, of London, who has observed a special kind of brain deterioration which he finds to be common among habitual red-wine drunkards in Italy and other southern parts of Europe, but not among the British or other northern over-indulgers, who drink chiefly distilled liquors or beer.

The brain trouble mentioned is believed to be due to some kind of poisoning of the nerve wires connecting one half of the brain to the other half. Actual swellings and disintegrations of these nerve wires have been observed in Italian alcoholics by Professor Ettore Marchiafava. Dr. Greenfield suggests that some special poison for these brain wires may exist in some of the red wines. Against not too great indulgence in such wines there is, however, no suspicion.

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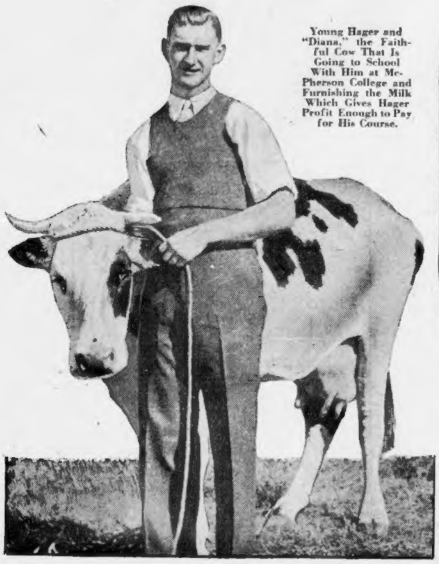
Working Their Way Through College

Young Hager's Cow "Diana" Is Paying His Tuition at McPherson College, Miss Doris Allsup's Preserved Pickles Pay the Costs at Texas Woman's College and the Reed Girls Shine Shoes for Their Higher Education



Young Hager and "Diana," the Faithful Cow That Is Going to School With Him at McPherson College and Furnishing the Milk Which Gives Hager Profit Enough to Pay for His Course.

Miss Doris Allsup, Who Is "Pickling" Her Way Through Texas Women's College, Shown in Her Kitchen Workshop With a Jar of Her Juicy Dills.

June and Martha Reed, Who Make Enough Money to Pay All Their College Expenses by Shining Shoes "From Coast to Coast" on Transcontinental Trips in the Summer Time.

The Reed Sisters in a Jolly Nautical Pose at the End of a Profitable Day of Shoe-Shining.

Miss Allsup in Her Campus Clothes After Finishing Her Day's Pickling.

Miss Olive Mae MacDonald, of Louisiana University, With One of the Hens Which Have Paid for Her Course of Instruction There.

"WHY don't bootblacks ever shine their own shoes?" asked two young ladies, Martha and June Reed.

Millions of others have asked that same question but the Reed sisters not only answered it by saying, "They are too dumb," but became such successful shoe-shiners themselves that they are using that humble "profession" to get an educational polish at Columbia University.

Poverty of parents has been sharpening the wits of their children to find something to use in place of the money that Papa lacks since he lost his shirt in Orieyed Copper Common.

Young Charles I. Hager arrived at McPherson College, Kansas, with "Diana," a Holstein cow, sitting somewhat uncomfortably in the back of the "flivver." She hadn't done any back-seat driving exactly, but she had slobbered down the back of his neck and pushed his hat over his eyes once or twice, so he was glad when the 50-mile trip was over. Their scheme was this. He was to do the studying, the milking, provide the pasture and feed while "Diana," since rechristened "Co-ed" merely produced the milk to pay for everything.

Miss Doris Allsup, of Naples, Texas, was "in a pickle" when she found herself all prepared to enter Texas Woman's College except that she hadn't a cent of money. And Doris pickled herself out of it literally by making and selling pickles to the college in payment for her education. But the Reed sisters have set the most shining example of all.

A year ago these orphans in their home town of Rockford, Illinois, wanted to go to Columbia University in New York but hadn't even the carfare. Wandering around Rockford, looking for work, they found that for each job there were about ten experienced candidates, most of them with dependents to support. Enviously they watched plumbers, carpenters and other laborers whose jobs they could not hold even if they could get them. Doctors, lawyers, teachers and other trained persons were also beyond their competition. They even had their doubts whether they could do better than most of the salesgirls.

Things looked hopeless until the orphans noticed some boys at the railroad station shining shoes, for which they received a dime and sometimes a tip. Here was something that anyone could do, but there is little money in such jobs unless one finds a way to do them better. Could they do that any better?

The technique of daubing and shining a shoe seemed easy and simple, but how were they to improve on it? As they meditated a great idea began to dawn.

"Look at their shoes," observed Martha. "They look terrible."

"All bootblack's shoes look terrible," announced June from her twenty-two years' experience in the world.

"What a miserable advertisement for their business," Martha added. "Now if I were doing that I'd first make sure that my own were the best instead of the worst-shined in town. They must be pretty dumb."

"Why don't we do it and do it right?" Martha wanted to know, and they did but not in their own home town, pride would not permit that. The girls bought two second-hand outfits and "went on tour" to California and back almost to the Atlantic Coast. The only State in which they failed to make money was Arizona where it seldom rains and a shine lasts six months.

It seems to touch a man's gallantry to have a girl on her knees working at his feet, and he shows it usually by telling her to keep the change of a quarter and even a half dollar. Few men's gallantry goes as high as a dollar without stimulation, but the sisters have found a simple way to stimulate it. The dear girls never have any change. One may ask what is to prevent the victim from going to the nearest store or newsstand for change. What stops him is loud shouts from the spectators of:

"Tightwad! Tell her to keep the change."

Then there is the flirtatious man, like the elegantly dressed specimen in Los Angeles who received much more than a shine but paid just ten cents for it, and it took a policeman to collect even that.

"I had misgivings about that bird from the start," said Martha. "He was foppishly dressed with a lot of jewelry and one of those come-hither looks which only men who think they are irresistible use. Besides this, I could see that his shoes had just been shined and that I could not improve on them.

"Still, that was his business. So I polished them all over again just as faithfully as if it were doing any good. As I worked, he bent over me pouring into my ear a line of patter from which I realized that I would be lucky to get a nickel tip. There are two ways of rewarding a woman, by handing her something substantial or flattery. Few men use both. He was a flatterer.

"I was peeved enough at the prospect and still more at his patronizing 'little-girlie' manner. Also my faith in man was at low point just then because that morning a man had handed me a lead half dollar. Just as I was finishing, this fellow went from bad to worse.

"'Whatta ya say, kid,' he mumbled in my ear, 'It's about lunch time. Le's I and you go eat and then step up to my hotel for a nice afternoon of sociability. Hunh?'

"Suddenly I had a desire, and Dr. Freud says it is bad for women to suppress desires, so I didn't. Sopping my dauber in some nice, gooey, black polish and rising from my knees I smeared it down his face, necktie, collar, coat and trousers. Then I hit him over the head with the dauber and pushed him over backward off the 'throne.'

"He arose with blacking in one eye and murder in the other, but the howls of approval from the spectators made him pause. They also brought a policeman who, after hearing the story, not only refused to arrest me but said he would do it to the man I had assaulted unless he paid me. As I suspected he had just the right change."

On or near a college campus shoe-shining becomes a matter of quantity production and small profits. All the boys want shines but they either have the right change or no shame about openly going to get it.

"Phooey, woman, dig up that change," the collegian will grin at June or Martha, "This quarter's got to last till next Monday."

Whereupon Martha or June will smile and dig.

"Why, we've even had college boys ask us to lend them money," the girls admit. "If it's a football day, several always try it. One or two occasions we even made the loan, and don't care if we didn't get paid back."

The girls wear red, white and blue trousered uniforms, carry pads to kneel on and a collapsible "throne" for the customers. Even counting Arizona, they averaged $10 a day over expenses. Rainy days are a total loss but the following days make up for it.

Like so many other youths of today, Martha and June think the world owes them free transportation. They do not get it by standing on the road and "thumbing" motor tourists but by working bus drivers. By the time they have polished the driver's shoes and leggings he has heard of their dire necessity to get to the other end of his run without paying, and announces himself as the answer to their maidens' prayers.

Women customers are scarce, which the girls say is just as well because they always have the right change and no more.

"It would really pay women to be better tippers," says June. "Look what happens to a lone woman on a rainy night when she wants a taxi the worst way and sees them all go right past to pick up a man passenger. The infuriated lady never seems to guess why."

Dr. Thomas W. Brabham, President of the Texas Woman's College at Fort Worth, was at Bryan's Mill, in Case County, one day when he was informed that Doris Allsup, the brightest pupil in the Naples High School, ought to go to his college but hadn't any money. All college presidents hear something like that from about four out of every five people they meet.

"Send her to me," said Dr. Brabham. The girl had a long talk with the president about what she could do but none of her talents seemed of a sort that would be useful to the college.

"She didn't tell you that she makes larrupin' good pickles," volunteered a neighbor who had been listening anxiously.

"Well, if they are extra larrupin' we might be able to use them," said the president thoughtfully. A car was sent dashing home for a jar which the president sampled.

"In my judgment they are excellent," he said, "and I will take a chance on one term. But there is no accounting for tastes and, of course, if the girls don't like them we'll have to make other arrangements."

But the girls did like them so much that when the college opened this Fall and there weren't any on the table at the first meal, the whole dining room began chanting:

"We want pickles. We want Doris's pickles."

Thus far, in return for two years' education, Doris has furnished the college with 831 cans, 104 of them cucumber pickles. This somewhat unbalances their diet according to the dietician, Mrs. Jessie M. Berry, but if they don't get their pickles they seem unbalanced mentally which is worse.

It is no matter of luck that those pickles made a hit. As a youngster Doris was not satisfied with her mother's pickles to which that lady replied that she would like to see her do better. Doris did better the very first time, but she had written the United States Agricultural Bureau for recipes and methods and, what is more, she followed them.

During her first year college course she won four prizes, including a trip to the State Fair of Texas at Dallas for having the best all around exhibit at Case County Fair. She has since then won four more and a trip to the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College Summer Short Course for her work. Last year she won first prize at the State Fair for the best sweet pickles, and just to show she could do more than pickle, her guest towel exhibit also won first prize.

Charles I. Hager's cow was named "Diana" originally but renamed "Co-ed" in honor of new surroundings. A Jersey, being lighter, would have been easier to transport but the Holstein had other advantage. A Jersey gives richer but scantier milk, which it would be dishonest to dilute with water. A Holstein gives more but not so rich milk. In other words the cow does the watering herself which is honest and legal.

"Diana" gives twenty quarts a day which Hager sells at eight cents a quart, four quarts for twenty-five cents undelivered, thirty cents delivered.

Hager, who is getting the "higher education" of dairying and farming, has worked out a well-balanced and substantial diet for "Diana." His aim, of course, is to make her give as much milk as possible. Twice a day he feeds her three-fourths of a gallon of ground corn, three-fourths of a gallon of bran, one handful of cottonseed meal mixed with some salt, and for roughage he feeds her alfalfa hay and corn cane.

For the first six weeks of the term he found feed, pasturage and stable cost him $3 and he was able to pay his tuition, books and room all from profits of the cow. By doing a few extra chores here and there he was able to get by without a deficit but there was very little time for amusement. He milks at 6 a. m. and 6 p. m. which, with feeding, cooling the milk, bottling, washing the bottles and delivering, uses up two hours a day. However, it is good exercise and being farm-minded he likes it.

To keep a bright and determined boy or girl from going to college, takes more than lack of money.

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The Unscrupulous Gold-Digger Has Many Tricks. In a Playful Mood She Will Refuse to Bestow a Kiss Upon the Lips of Her Victim Unless He Places a Gold Coin Between His Teeth. And if He Agrees to the Proposition She Is Likely to Coquettishly Snatch Away His Stickpin and Return It Only for a Handsome Monetary Reward.

Dismal, Deserted Resorts

Outrageous Cafe Charges, Swindling Tricks of the "Painted Ladies," Flower-Girls and Tourists to Keep Away From the

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PARIS, December 21.

THAT section of the night life of Paris known as Montmartre and once famous for its devil-may-care jollity is plunged in gloom. The "playground of the world," as Parisians proudly called it, has become as lively as a burial ground, and the lights over the entrances of the empty cabarets might be compared to those which Dante saw gleaming above the tombs.

In post-war days the haunts of pleasure here were filled to overflowing with strangers from all points of the compass, and proprietors of balls, bars and "boites de nuit," together with the singers, dancers, fiddlers, flower-girls, waiters and doormen in these resorts grew rich by fleecing customers.

But the rapacious cafe owners, the thieving waiters and the tricks and wiles of the entertainers and the women of the streets who haunt these dives have at last killed the human geese who have been laying the golden eggs for them. So notorious have become the outrages in these robber resorts that visitors now keep away from the "Butte," as Montmartre here is often called, and seek their amusement elsewhere, warning their friends against the skin games played on unsuspecting guests.

As a result, the beacons of joy kindled on Montmartre have burnt out, one by one. Celebrated establishments, like the Abbaye de Theleme, Le Rat Mort, Cyrano, Canari, Cabaret des Quat'z'Arts, Le Grelot, Fantasio and Sevilla, have closed their doors. Streets that formerly re-echoed the wild yells of revelers are steeped in the calm of a sleeping village.

True, a few places remain open, but foreign pleasure-seekers have learned to stay away from them. The clientele is composed chiefly of local "souteneurs" (bullies), street-walkers, card-sharpers, blackmailers, cutthroats, pickpockets and drug addicts, and the entertainers, hired to divert this select gathering, must feel like the benighted musician on the Russian steppes, who continued playing his instrument to keep the wolves away.

The most renowned "robbers' caves," perhaps, are the "restaurants de nuit," in the Rue Pigalle and Rue Fontaine. No sooner has a tenderfoot entered one of these garishly decorated dives and been shown to a table than he is surrounded by lavishly painted ladies, who overwhelm him with their conflicting perfumes and requests for food and drinks. The "entraineuses" (conscienceless gold-diggers) are always hungry and thirsty, for they receive a commission from the house on all sales they promote.

Prices are gilt-edged. A bottle of champagne, that sells for 40 francs at a wine-merchant's, costs from 200 to 300 at these dens. If the newcomer is not a connoisseur, he is likely to be swindled, as a bottle of "mousseux" (worth about 10 francs), which foams and sparkles like champagne, is frequently substituted. Sometimes the client is easily fooled, because the labels are faked.

Last Winter, the manager of five palatial hotels and restaurants in Autun, Saulieu, Bourg, Grenoble and Valence was fined 5,000 francs in the Autun court for fraudulently labeling bottles and selling ordinary wine as "Hospices de Beaune," "Corton" and "Charlotte Dumay." All the alcoholic beverages in his hotels and restaurants were confiscated, and he was given three months in prison, with a suspended sentence. He also had to pay 13,000 francs damages to Burgundy and Charente wine syndicates.

A common trick in these Paris restaurants and cafes is to place a dozen empty champagne bottles on the table of a tipsy patron and charge him for them in the bill. Another classic game is this: The "entraineuse," after her partner has finished one bottle, orders a second. When this is half gone, she coaxes him to treat her to a third. The maitre d'hotel carries off the half-empty second bottle, fills it up, recorks it and presents it as a new one. Then the girl orders another, and so on. If the trick is well played the client thinks he has consumed a dozen bottles in the course of the evening, instead of two or three. Moreover, it is difficult for him to pay close attention to what is going on, as his companion—very demonstrative—distracts him continually by calling him endearing names, kissing him and putting her arms around his neck just as the waiter shuffles the wine bottles. An excellent actress, she moistens her lips from time to time in her glass, yet is careful to leave it undrained. However, this does not prevent her from complaining of a headache after the "sixth" or "seventh" bottle, and asking her victim to send out for aspirin tablets, which cost him a thumping big price.

Some months ago a London visitor to Paris, Mr. Gerald Creighton, celebrated his birthday at a Russian cabaret in the Rue Pigalle, Montmartre. In the early hours of the morning the roisterer was presented with a champagne bill of 2,850 francs. His refusal to settle landed him in the lock-up. When the Britisher's trial came up, M. Zeiss, Judge of the Thirteenth Correctional Tribunal, appeared astonished at the prisoner's capacity for the sparkling amber nectar.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Judge. "Do I understand, Monsieur, that you alone drank 2,850 francs' worth of champagne?"

"Your Honor," sighed the culprit, "I am not altogether responsible. After two bottles I felt a bit exhilarated and offered Mlles. Sonia and Kania, dancing-girls of the establishment, a glass in honor of my anniversary. They were not backward in accepting, but when the bill was brought in, I was amazed to see I had been charged for ten bottles!"

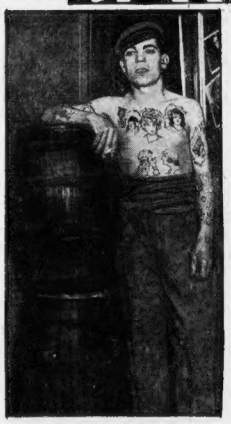
"And this item of 225 francs for cold meat?" queried the President. "You must have the appetite of Gargantua."

"The meat in question," murmured Creighton, "was a portion of chicken the size of a lark's wing."

M. Zeiss, who was apparently not a habitue of the night resorts, looked perplexed. Finally he asked:

Mlle. Ginette Perruchaud, a Siren of the Boulevards and Montmartre Resorts, Who Came Into Recent Notoriety for Her Attentions in Stripping a Young Bank Clerk of the Money He Had Stolen.

Just Beginning to Get a Little Bit Lively in O Days When Tourists Crowded



A Tattooed Sailor Attendant in the Notorious Boite a Matelots Cabaret in Montmartre.

"How do you account for this charge of 1,300 francs for fruit and cigarettes? Did you intend running a fruit or tobacco shop?"

As the Englishman was unable to explain, and refused to settle the bill, he was fined 100 francs and sentenced to four months in jail. This reminds one of the old American parody: "And the copper helped the robber a-going through the guy."

The cafe gold-digger has mastered the technique of getting a great deal without giving anything in return. "Toujours prendre, jamais rendre," or "always take, never give," is her motto. Her heart is made of welded franc-pieces, her faculties are all exercised to one end—cleaning out the pockets of a customer. To wheedle money from him, she often plays on his sympathy, believing with some philosophers that man is an "emotional animal." She declares she has an aged mother to support, a sick child to take care of, a ring she wants to get out of the pawnshop, or an over-due rent bill that must be paid.

When the flower-vender passes their table, the "entraineuse" begs her client to buy a bunch of roses—not for herself, but for her sister in the hospital, who "adores flowers." Only a brute could refuse such an appeal, and the sucker purchases the posies. Had he bought them at a florist's he would have paid about 30 cents a bunch for them, but in a "boite de nuit" flowers are expensive, and he is lucky if half a dozen faded roses do not cost him more than $15. At Maxim's, the famous and notorious restaurant on the Rue Royale, the flower-girl once sold carnations at $6 apiece.

It is also the business of the girl to persuade her partner into making her a present of a doll, a bottle of perfume, a box of bonbons or a package of imported cigarettes—all of which are peddled in the cabaret by smirking "vendeuses." Needless to state, the prices are sky-high, yet the innocent abroad generally pays, for he doesn't wish to appear cheap in the eyes of his companion. On these forced sales she gets a fat commission, varying from 30 to 60 per cent.

This unscrupulous gold-digger has other ways of enlarging her nightly income. In a playful mood she will refuse to bestow a kiss on the lips of her victim unless he places a gold coin between his teeth. If he agrees to the proposition, she kisses him, taking away the piece of money with her carmine lips. Sometimes she coquettishly snatches away his stickpin or handkerchief, returning them only for a monetary reward. When he is helpless from drink, she goes through his pockets and leaves him.

An old racket worked at most of the Montmartre bars is for a girl to get some easy mark to set up the drinks for her. After several rounds of wines or liquors, she asks the barman, "What do I owe you?" The barman, in collusion with the girl, states a sum about five or six times higher than the regular tariff. Rather than start a fight in a place where he is a stranger, the client hands over the cash while the barman and girl split the profit.

Often, when her companion orders a whisky, the "entraineuse" takes "the same," or, rather, something that looks the same. Having winked at the waiter, she is served with a glass of water in which some coffee has been poured. The client generally orders more whiskies before leaving, while the woman, to "please" her escort, does likewise, receiving, of course, the same dose of diluted coffee. On the bill, however, the client is charged as if his fair temptress had consumed the real stuff and not colored water. The amount made on the make-believe whiskies is equally

s of "Gay Paris" Night Life

of the Restaurants, Brazen Gold-Digging Thieving Waiters at Last Have Taught e Notorious Montmartre Dives

The "Painted Ladies" at the Tables Are in League With the Crooked Waiters. When a Bottle of Champagne Is Half Gone She Coaxes Her Companion to Treat Her to Another. The Waiter Carries It Off, Recorks It and Presents It as a New One. As the Evening Wears on This Is Repeated Frequently, and the Girl Interposes Herself Between Her Victim and the Table From Time to Time While Empty Champagne Bottles Are Placed There, Which Will Be Reckoned Up When He Comes to Pay His Bill.

e of the Montmartre Cabarets in the the Notorious Resorts.

The Flower Girl Nuisance In Conspiracy With the Women Entertainers She Sometimes Gets $15 for Flowers Worth Thirty Cents, and Demands $6 Apiece for Carnations.

Mlle. Alberte Lupte, an "Entraineuse" and Skilled Gold-Digger, a Familiar Figure in the Disreputable Resorts of Paris Night Life.

Divided between the girl and waiter.

Paris waiters are mostly crooked as a rail fence. They not only short-change customers, and work as confederates of the cocottes in the cafes, but frequently succeed in bamboozling the swindling cafe-owners themselves. Some months ago M. Miquer, proprietor of the big Rotonde Cafe, noticed that his business was not paying in proportion to the number of customers. Making investigations, he discovered his maitre d'hotel, two cashiers and five waiters were robbing him. For the past two years they had looted the cafe of about 1,000 francs daily, employing a cleverly worked scheme of keeping for themselves a considerable portion of each patron's bill. The culprits confessed to Police Inspector Casanova that they had defrauded the Rotonde out of 700,000 francs.

Cabaret musicians, singers and dancers help the waiters and girls to lighten the sightseer's purse. The orchestra leader, with well-oiled hair and silken moustaches, approaches the client's table, bows and inquires what selection Monsieur would like to hear. A trifle astonished at being consulted on musical matters, the victim racks his brain, finally naming a piece at random. After listening to the number, which may be scarcely recognized by reason of the liberties taken with the score, he is more astonished than ever to see the leader return and demand a "pourboire" for playing the piece. Thereafter the client is careful not to suggest another composition, yet this does not keep him from being pestered all night by the trap-drummer, trombonist, ivory-tickler and other members of the band, who take up a collection between performances.

Then there is the "chanteuse." Having sung some hackneyed ditty in a rasping voice, she never fails to pass the plate afterwards. The lady is always supplied with copies of the song she has massacred, and the patron is expected to give her a good-sized bill for one of them, to say nothing of offering her a high-priced "consommation" as a sort of throat-gargle.

The "danseuse"—primitively clad and with abdominal muscles elastic as her conscience—is just as mercenary. She may be too exhausted to respond to an encore, but is never too tired to collect tips after her vulgar exhibition, passing before the spectators with still panting breath, eyes flame and throbbing bosom.

Resort managers often work the "vedette racket" on rich strangers. The credulous client is told, for example, that Parysis, the famous music-hall actress, is a regular patron of the place; that she usually arrives about midnight; that if he desires to be introduced and would like to invite her to supper in a "cabinet particulier," it can be easily arranged. Thrilled at the idea of dining privately with a star, he quickly falls for the ruse, even when informed that a champagne dinner befitting such a stage celebrity will cost him in the neighborhood of 10,000 francs.

Among the score of "entraineuses" in the establishment there are always two or three who pride themselves on being the double of either Parysis, Maud Loty, Marie Dubas or some other popular actress. The girls are adept in aping the mannerisms of a footlight favorite—her gestures, tone of voice, walk and wiggle—and are glad to have the opportunity of masquerading as an "etoile," since they know the imposture means a big commission. So at midnight the client is closeted with the false artiste, who plays her role to perfection and ends by relieving him of his bank-roll.

Here it might be stated that the "cabinet particulier"—the private room so popular in Parisian night restaurants—is an ideal place for the female thief to work in, as she runs little danger of detection. The client is trapped behind closed doors, and if a big dinner, with several bottles of heavy wine, fails to send him off to dreamland, she always has on hand some soporific powder to sprinkle in his glass, though some prefer to ply their victim with doped cigarettes. Indeed, the "cabinet particulier" has no rival for discretion, except the "paleo," the curtained loge in certain Buenos Aires dancing palaces, where greenhorns are stripped of their last coin.

The following adventure which befell M. Robin, a commercial traveler, shows how imprudent it is for a man even to engage in conversation with a cafe siren. As he was taking an appetizer at a cafe terrace on the Place du Tertre, an alluring blonde sat down uninvited at his table, ordered a "menthe verte" (all those whose trade is love make no secret of their devotion to this odd beverage, which is little but a liquid candy), and began to hypnotize him. The couple were soon chatting familiarly, and M. Robin, in an unguarded moment, told her that he lived with his family in a pretty villa at Sevres. Before he quit the cafe the cunning creature, who pretended her aunt resided at Sevres, had managed to find out his name and address.

The next day the man returned to Sevres, where his wife handed him a telegram, in which the blonde beauty said that if he did not immediately telegraph her 1,500 francs she would send her "gentleman friend" to his villa to collect the money. Frantic, M. Robin rushed back to Paris, told his troubles to the police and, accompanied by Inspector Boutineau, went to the cafe where he had met the woman. They found her at the same table busy writing a letter. Taken to the police station, she gave her name as Eugenie Maurice, and confessed that when arrested she was writing a note to her lover, Henri Grain, a wood sculptor, jailed shortly afterwards for being the ringleader of a band of thieves that specialized in robbing museums. Eugenie admitted she gained a livelihood by vamping visitors, whom she later blackmailed.

A recent victim of Paris night-life was an American, Mr. Eugene Saunders, aged 30, who was staying at a hotel at No. 9 Rue de l'Universite. One evening as he crossed the Place Vendome an auto stopped alongside and the driver, a bewitching girl, asked pleasantly for a light for her cigarette. Saunders obliged her, and was then invited by the lady and her companion, Mlle. Edwige Hubel, to sup with them at Montmartre. He accepted. The three drove off to a night-club on the Place Blanche, where they ordered white wine and chicken sandwiches, and danced to the seductive music of a Hungarian gypsy orchestra. Before the bill was presented the girls suddenly withdrew, and when the waiter arrived with the check Saunders was unable to pay, as his pocketbook had mysteriously disappeared.

The waiter called a policeman to put Saunders under arrest, but the American cleared himself by telling his story, and the cop, wise to such rackets, hunted for his companions. A few hours later Mlle. Hubel, living at No. 46 Rue du Chateau d'Eau, was apprehended, but the other girl, Armelle Marbeuf, had vanished.

Mlle. Armelle is the predatory damsel who, with Mlle. Mathilde Adda, victimized numerous travelers the past two years. The Montmartre cafes were their favorite hunting ground. Here, after picking out a likely "poire," or sucker, they would proceed to vamp him and end up by offering to take him on a sightseeing trip in their roadster. If he accepted, the girls drove him down some deserted street, stuck a pistol in his ribs and forced him to hand over his valuables. They also had a pair of loaded billies ready to massage any stiff-necked guest.

These gentlewomen of the highway did not limit their activities to cafes alone, but cruised about the Etoile district at night in search of yokels. On sighting some strayed traveler they would drive up to the curb, accost him and, pretending they were lost, ask the way to Montmartre. By this ruse the ladies made the acquaintance of Mr. Lewis, a gallant ex-army officer of New York, whom they subsequently robbed of 3,000 francs after he had treated them to a bottle of champagne in a "boite." One of their dupes was a Prague journalist, who came to Paris to write a series of articles on the morals of the French capital. Armelle and Mathilde gave him a lot of first-hand information, taking all his cash as a fee.

Gordon T. McCarthy, chief special agent for the American Express Company in Europe, stated the other day that strangers visiting cabarets in the company of "night-patrol girls" were swindled out of 80,000 francs in one week here, quoting as typical the case of a Chicago doctor.

Like Mr. Lewis, the doctor accepted the proposal of two after-dark professionals to have a cocktail with them in Montmartre. He was taken to an artistically dirty tavern on a side street off the Square d'Anvers. The place was dark as a rat-hole, while the looks of three men standing at the zinc bar recalled the words of Stendhal about "l'extreme laideur des Parisiens" (the extreme ugliness of Parisians).

Two cocktails, one port wine and two caviar sandwiches were consumed, the check amounting to 1,800 francs. The doctor refused to pay and asked for the police. Feigning fright, the fair deceivers fled, and the proprietor shut the door. Then the three toughs walked up to the doctor's table, telling him if he didn't foot the bill they

Continued on Page 16

New Frills and Flounces

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials

An Evening Gown Trimmed With Fine Plaitings. The Material Is a New Chiffon, Woven With a Deep Crinkle, a Bright Warm Red. The Gown Is Slim and Straight, With a Normal Waistline, and a Crushed Belt of the Same Material Tied in a Bow at One Side. The Decollete Is Quite High in the Front, and Shirred on One Shoulder, While the Other Shows a Big Plaited Bow of the Chiffon. At the Hem Are Set Two Plaited Ruffles of the Material, One Above the Other. The Top One Is Mounted with Shirring. The Lower One Is So Set That It Makes a Short Train. Model by Miler Soeurs.

A Dress in a Fine Black Silk Crepe Woven with a Little Design, from Couturier. The Bodice Has a Little Tab Set in the Front. Below the Three Crystal Buttons, Which Is Edged with Plaiting. There Are Three Plaited Frills on the Skirt. The Deep Collar Is of Rose Crepe with Plaiting at the Edge, and the Cuffs at the Ends of the Elbow Sleeves Are Also in Rose Crepe with Plaited Edges. The Hat Is from Eliane Mary, in Black Satin, Trimmed with Plaited Cockades of the Same. Model by Berthe.

Patou Model in Coffee-Colored Taffeta. The Front Shows His Use of Double Jabots to Decorate the Corsage. But the Arrangement of the Popular Little Circular Ruffles in the Back Is Even More Interesting. Here He Uses Little Taffeta Ruffles Placed in a Large Triangle, with a Bow of the Same Taffeta in Darker Shade Above Them.

Martial et Armand Prefer the Circular Ruffles. The Material Here Is Black Faille. The Gown Is Cleverly Cut With Fitting Seams in the Bodice, and a Yoke Effect in the Skirt. From Just Above the Knee, There Are Vertical Ruffles, Set in Pairs, and Lined With Pale Blue Faille, Showing As They Take Their Cascade Lines. The Decollete Is Very Low, Cut Straight in the Front, in a Point, Outlined With a Ribbon of Pale Blue Faille, Which Passes Around the Neck in a Tiny Collar, and Then Runs Down Under the Arm. The Point of the Material Is Deeply Shirred.

PARIS, Dec. 21.

FRILLS, ruchings and furbelows generally were so popular in the Summer mode that one might imagine that the designers would give them a long rest in the Winter. The first Winter models started out on simple, austere models, it is true, but it was not long before the softening influence of ruffles began to creep back again. Oddly enough, they showed themselves first in the daytime models. In the mid-season collection a good many suits had ruffle-trimmed collars and revers instead of manly ones. Little separate frocks had a way of adding plaitings to soften their severity, while the evening gowns adopted both fine plaitings, and little circular frills, used in unusual fashion. On this page are two examples of the new use of plaiting, and two of the equally new use of little circular ruffles.

The day frock is of the sort that is frequently seen at tea or luncheons, when the wearer takes off her coat. It is in that ever useful material, black silk crepe and the plaitings are used in three rows on the skirt, and on the very new little apron tab below the waist in the front of the bodice. In accordance with the vogue of touches of light bright color with sombre black, there is a deep collar of pink crepe, with plaited edging, while narrow cuffs of the same trim the plain elbow sleeves. The elbow sleeve persists right through the Winter mode this year, necessitating long gloves to meet it. The vogue of fancy gloves, made of fabric, or velvet, has undoubtedly had something to do with the persistence of short sleeves for cold weather. Note the plaited cockade in the little toque that is worn with the frock. It is from Eliane Mary.

The evening gown from Miler Soeurs is also trimmed with plaited ruffles, but here they are much wider. The material is a new deeply crinkled chiffon, while the plaitings are of plain chiffon, and the color is a rich carmine red. The lower frill trails on the floor in the back, as do the majority of the new skirts for formal evening wear. This is not a practical fashion, but it is a very becoming one, giving height to the figure and dignity to the carriage. It is only on formal occasions, however, that the trained skirt is worn. Informal evening gowns still stop at slipper heel length, escaping the floor by a good margin. Plaiting appears again on the shoulder of this slim, clinging gown.

Martial et Armand prefer the popular circular ruffles, made of the material of the gown, with a black faille. They use them vertically on the skirt, as this is newer than ruffles running round the hem. They are set into the four long seams of the skirt, which is tightly fitted over the hips, and they form cascades in double rows from just above the knee to the floor. The ruffles are lined with pale blue faille.

The rivalry between firm and fragile materials for formal evening wear still goes on. Tulle or net is probably the most popular of the latter group, while faille, moire and taffeta compete for first place among the former. This gown has a very new decollete. In runs up in a point in the front, with close shirring at the tip to take care of the fullness, and from this point ribbons of pale blue make a collar round the neck and run down under the arms to the waist in the back where they join a narrow panel of the black material.

Patou also uses the former material for his formal evening gowns. He has a newish color for evening. Pale coffee color with lots of cream in it. I have noticed that this color is appearing for evening in other houses, particularly at Chanel's. She likes to combine it with rose pink. Patou prefers a touch of dark coffee-bean brown. His evening models this year are nearly always decorated in the back. The fronts of his skirts are as simple as possible, while in the back he likes to use some version of the bustle bow. He has found a very original one for this mode, by placing little circular ruffles in a big triangle. The belt, forming a bow above this triangle, is of the darker brown taffeta. The front of the bodice shows a new application of the jabot idea—so good just now with suits and frocks—to the evening mode. So far as I know, Patou is the only creator to use jabots on evening dresses. He makes two plaited jabots of the coffee-colored taffeta, and adds two prim bows of the darker brown.

It is astonishing how the bustle idea persists, and how often one of the slim new evening gowns has a suggestion of a bustle bow in the back, though it is nearly always small, neat and restrained. Fortuny particularly favors the idea. Chanel prefers a deep draped girdle, for evening gowns, and she lets it dip a bit in the back, giving a more slender line to the waist. Once in a while, she makes this girdle of another material or color, as when she uses close-set shiny silver spangles on a gown of embossed gold lame.

Vionnet still continues her sashes, tying them at the left side front. Sometimes they are of the same color and material as the model, sometimes different. Her newest evening gowns, however, have no girdles at all, but are closely fitted through the body right to the knee, by means of her famous piecing and patching of the material. When she does this in the two sides of crepe satin, dull and shiny, the effect is really quite like a jig saw puzzle. One gown in pale aquamarine blue satin is handled in this way, and is a great success in Paris.

Satin, by the way, is still an evening favorite, and it is noteworthy that the majority of satin evening gowns are made of very shiny, though not stiff, material. Sometimes we see stiff slipper satin handled on narrow lines. This, also, is in accordance with the feeling for heavier evening materials.

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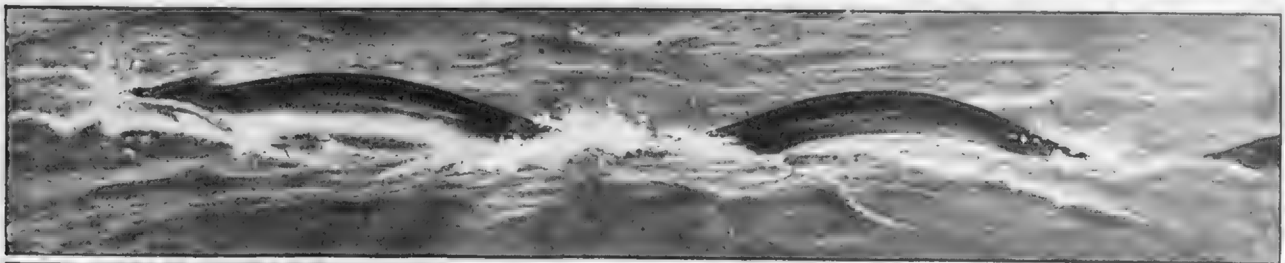
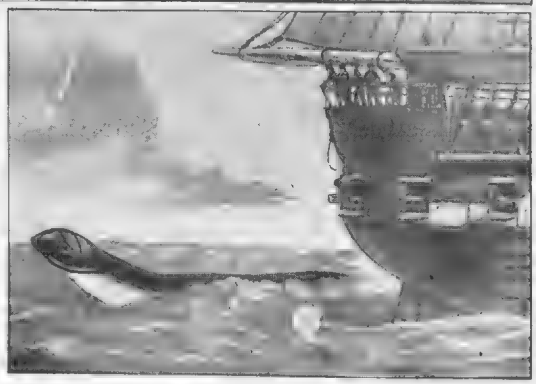
The Big, Bad Sea-Serpent Seen Again?



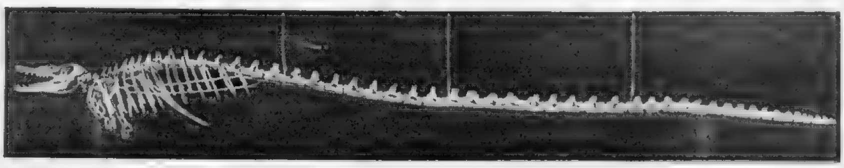
Photograph of a Sea-Serpent Taken by Professor Sharpe From the Steam Yacht "Emerald."

Sea Monster Observed by Two Well-Known Naturalists in the Earl of Crawford's [illegible]cht, "Valhalla," Off Para, on December 7, 1905; a Creature With an Eel-like Neck Some Six Feet Long, and a Brown Sail-like Fin or Frill.

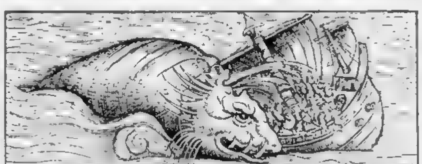
Recent Reports of the Appearance of Huge Sea Monsters and Why Science Thinks Survivors of Prehistoric Sea Snakes May Still Swim the Oceans



"A Long, Black Creature With a Sharp Head" and "Something on Its Back That Appeared Like a Mane"; a Strange Monster Sighted West of Oporto, on December 31, 1848, by Officers and Men of H. M. S. "Plumper."



Skeleton of a Zeuglodon, a Prehistoric Sea-Serpent, Sixty Feet Long.



Woodcut Sketch of the Sea-Serpents of Olden Times, Which Were Described as Big Enough to Bite a Ship in Two.

Drawing Showing How a School of Porpoises May Disport Themselves in Such a Way as to Give a Very Plausible Imitation of a Sea-Serpent.

WITHIN the last few weeks reports have come from several different parts of the world that a huge sea-serpent has been seen In the Pacific Ocean, off the shore of British Columbia, a big sea-snake was reported And the navigating officer of one of the Grace Line steamships when on its journey from San Francisco to British Columbia saw a big head poke itself above the water, followed by a brown colored body thirty-five or forty feet long. But even stranger than this is the report of a thirty-foot sea monster seen churning up the water in Loch Ness, a Scotch lake

While not all of the reported appearances of sea-serpents are believed to be true, yet scientists do not deny that sea-serpents may still swim the oceans. The museums have skeletons of huge sea-snakes of earlier ages and it is not impossible that some of the species may still exist today. There are on record several circumstantial reports of the appearance of sea-serpents made by men of unquestioned reliability. Indeed, a photograph of a huge sea-serpent was taken by Professor Sharpe from the steam yacht "Emerald" as the creature raced past the ship.

The sea-serpent reported from British Columbia is the most recent and strongly authenticated monster of its kind. Many citizens of high standing say that they saw it. A Victoria, British Columbia, lawyer, his wife, and a yachtsman, state that they saw a huge head rear itself out of the water near the rocks on the north side of Cadboro Bay It was shaggy, with a long under-hung jaw, while the body made monstrous undulations stretching over seventy to eighty feet. It seemed to be settling among the rocks. Then the same monster, or a similar one, was sighted in the Gulf of Georgia, off Vancouver Island. This sea-serpent was travelling rapidly over a large area

F. W. Kamp, an official of the British Columbia Public Library, and Major W H Langley, Chief of the Legislative Assembly, stated that they had seen the same monster a year before, thus suggesting that it resided permanently near Vancouver. One after another citizens in all walks of life confirmed the experience.

"While picknicking on the beach with my wife and son," said Mr. Kamp, "I saw a heavy wash come ashore and then I was amazed to see huge coils come out of the water like a snake. The coils must have been at least eighty feet long and five feet thick. They seemed a bluish green color which shone in the sunlight like aluminum. The forepart of the creature was serrated with protuberances like dorsal fins. It raised its great head ten feet out of the water and then sank away."

Another witness, J. F. Murray, a fisherman, stated that he saw the sea-serpent within twenty-five yards of him off Goden Point.

"I knew it wasn't a fish because I could hear it breathing quite plainly," said Mr. Murray

A. E. Richards, navigating officer of the Grace Liner "Santa Lucia," stated positively that he had sighted the creature off Vancouver and thought that it might be some misshapen sea animal of a known species. He pointed out that there are many curious-looking sea animals, such as the manatee and the dugong, and thought that his specimen might have belonged to them.

Great excitement has been caused by the reported appearance of a monster sea-serpent in Loch Ness, Scotland, a long arm of the sea running most of the way across the country. In this case again it was seen at several widely different places. John Cameron, of Inverness, stated that he saw it distinctly swimming about in the loch. G. A. Macleod and Findlay Macleod, of St. Ninians, said they noticed a great agitation in the loch several hundred yards from the pier.

"We called the rest of our family," said G. A. Macleod, "and to their surprise they had a clear view of a big black body with two large humps, making its way down the loch. The humps resembled those of a camel but were much larger"

Express trains were run from Glasgow to see the reported monster, but it shunned further publicity and the Scotch excursionists were cruelly disappointed at the loss of their money.

Many scientific explanations have been advanced to explain the reported appearance of sea-serpents, but nothing has been proved about them, for it is a fact that science does not know just what monsters linger in the depths of the sea. It is suggested that the Loch Ness sea-serpent was a specimen of the ribbon or oar fish which grows to a length of nearly forty feet and has a head rather like that of a horse.

Loch Ness is a mysterious stretch of water. Some years ago the Reverend John McRae, of Inverness, and the Reverend David Twopenny, two witnesses whose truthfulness cannot be questioned, stated that while boating in the loch an awe-inspiring creature "about forty-five feet long" rushed by them at twelve miles an hour. They saw its body as a series of black lumps sticking out of the water. For centuries the crews of fishing boats on the Scotch coast have been scared by the appearance of such monsters.

Whales swimming on the surface of the water may, it is thought, have given rise to these stories. The blue whale attains a length of one hundred feet. The hump-backed whale is still more curious and is suspected of having caused many sailors to think they had seen a sea-serpent. This strange monster has a pair of hands, or flippers, fifteen feet long. It has a queer way of lying on its side and stretching aloft one of these hands in a threatening manner, and may have been mistaken for some unknown creature.

No less a person than Captain Sir A. H Rostron verified the reality of the sea serpent when the reports of the Loch Ness monster were brought to him He gained celebrity as captain of the Carpathia, when he rescued the survivors of the Titanic with remarkable efficiency.

"In 1907 when I was Chief Officer of the Campania, off the coast of Ireland, near Queenstown, I saw something about two miles ahead which at first I thought was a great tree trunk," said Captain Rostron. "On coming nearer to it and keeping my glass trained on it I saw that the thing was alive. Its great head was reared about eight feet out of the water and was darting from side to side with sudden movements, such as you see a blackbird make when hunting for worms on the lawn. There were two protuberances where eyes might have been, but I could see no eyes.

"Its neck was fully twelve to fourteen feet long and although only part of its body was out of the water it was plain that the complete length of the monster must have been very great. It had very small ears in comparison with its enormous bulk

"When it came within the wash of our propellers it dived rapidly and presently came to the surface again some distance away, still moving its head in that queer way. It dived again then rose again and stayed on the surface for a few minutes longer. Then it submerged and nobody saw it again.

"On the following evening, when I arrived in Liverpool, I heard of a man who had been found drifting in a row boat in the Bristol Channel. He said he had lost both his oars and his boat hook while fighting a terrifying monster in the sea. His description of the monster corresponded in every detail with the one I had seen. While I was looking at the creature I made two sketches of it, and the third officer of the Campania observed it at the same time.

"There are people who laugh when talking of the sea-serpent, but I tell you no one in this world knows what strange creatures live in the depths of the ocean. If I, who spent forty-six years of my life at sea, saw in that time only one strange monster, people who have merely made occasional journeys at sea scarcely have a right to laugh at the sea-serpent idea."

At the same time Major W. Peer Groves, Consul for Japan in Manchester, said he had seen a strange sea-serpent off the Isle of Man.

"This beast," he wrote, "was evidently large, many feet in length, although only the head was visible. The head was about as big as that of a large bull, but rather broader between the ears, ending in a long dog-like snout"

A strong argument has been advanced that some of the reported sea-serpents may have been survivors of prehistoric sea-creatures. The account given of the Loch Ness sea-serpent suggests a resemblance to the plesiosaur, one of the old "sea dragons," which were common in all the seas five million years ago. Many scientists do not encourage this view and W. P. Pycraft, the well known British naturalist, says that "the suggested possibility of such a survival is as fantastic as the story it was hoped to justify." The zeuglodon, a prehistoric sea-serpent, sixty feet long, also corresponds to some of the reported appearances

Many of the statements recorded about sea-monsters leave no doubt of the good faith of the narrators. Lord Crawford, a distinguished naturalist, accompanied by a staff of other naturalists, when sailing his yacht "Valhalla" off Para, Brazil, on December 7, 1905, sighted a "creature with an eel-like neck some six feet long and a brown sail-like fin or frill."

The officers of the British warship "Plumper" reported that on December 31, 1848, they sighted "a long black creature with a sharp head and something on its back that appeared like a mane."

Many of the accounts speak of a long series of fins, or snaky coils, appearing above the surface of the sea.

The daring mariners of the Middle Ages who ventured to risk their lives on unknown seas in their small ships brought back many astonishing tales of sea-monsters. The ancient Vikings who were unsurpassed in bravery, were responsible for the most thrilling stories of this kind, and they carved striking representations of dragons and sea monsters on the prows of their ships.

Archbishop Olaus Magnus of Upsala in Sweden, in the fourteenth century an [illegible] of high [illegible] In [illegible] a picture of a [illegible] with its [illegible] to bite it in two. [illegible] of the [illegible] marking the openings of supposed gills, while the upper part of the head is not unlike that of a bear

It is generally admitted that the stories of sea-monsters have some basis in fact, but it is impossible to say just how much fact, for the circumstances under which they are seen and the excitement and lack of scientific training of many of the witnesses make their statements unreliable

It should be remembered that there is no definite limit of growth to sea animals, as there is to the warm blooded land-animals. Most people are familiar with the halibut as a moderate-sized fish served on the table, but all fishermen know that specimens reach 500 and 600 pounds, and nobody knows what the limit is. The common lobster also attains a size of 500 to 600 pounds in the depths of the sea

The highest French scientific opinion is also inclined to accept the reality of the sea-serpent. M. Racovitza, the naturalist of the famous Belgica expedition to the Antarctic, speaking before the Zoological Society of France, strongly affirmed his belief in the existence of the great sea-serpent and quoted the reports of a Dutch naturalist, M. Oudemans, and several French and British naval officers. Comparing the reports of all these educated witnesses the French scientist came to the conclusion that the sea-serpent possessed the following outstanding characteristics

"It is not a serpent, nor even a reptile, but a mammal, belonging to the order of pinnipeds [illegible] the seals. Its general form [illegible] of the plesiosaur of prehistoric seas, but with a much longer tail, which takes up half the total length of the body. The neck is also very long, bearing a relatively small head, with short snout and truncated like that of a seal The body is spindle-shaped and furnished with two pair of flippers. This elongated form and long flexible tail, which is the chief organ of propulsion, together with the appearance of the thin long neck, have contributed to give the creature the aspect of a [illegible] a small part of its back.

"The total length would be about 2?2 feet. This great pinniped has exclusively ocean-going habits, its great speed and huge dimensions enabling it to cover a vast extent of sea without appreciable fatigue. It never comes to land but rests easily on the surface of the ocean where the great depth makes the sea more calm. It travels always in pairs—male and females—and probably approaches the coast only when in pursuit of the fish on which it feeds Its presence has been reported in all streams. Its vast size makes it impossible to kill it with small fire-arms or to catch it with ordinary fishing apparatus."

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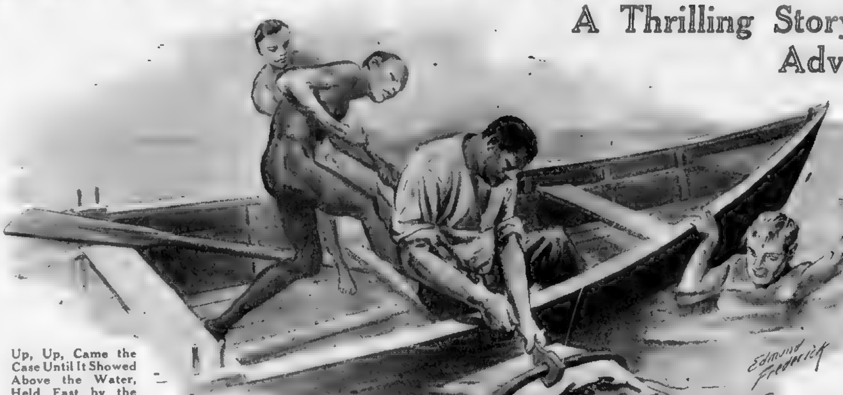
Captain Christine By Basil Carey

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure in the South Seas



Up, Up, Came the Case Until It Showed Above the Water, Held Fast by the Grim Hook.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXIX.

Out of the Depths

FOR a time Blaize and Christine rested, then began the ascent again.

The climb took them more than two hours.

Blaize forged ahead like a patient ox, thrusting his way through [illegible] past pitiful tui-tui [illegible] the great tree fern, over [illegible] and creeping jasmine, [illegible] the multitude of unknown, clinging stems that rose sometimes to his shoulders beneath the [illegible]. For him and for Christine [illegible] and earth existed no longer.

There was nothing left in the world [illegible] endurance. Up, up, up [illegible] tortured [illegible] Their hands were raw yet they [illegible] it any support [illegible] of the pain. Their [illegible] upward [illegible] for the balm of a moment's respite. Then the tug of the rope and on again.

These parts of the way up the vegetation grew less thickly. [illegible] would not allow any more resting. They [illegible] on, to where the gray [illegible] shelter. Christine was [illegible] more frequently. [illegible] constantly at the rope to give her an impetus. Their hearts beat [illegible] that it seemed they [illegible]. Neither of them had any voice now. Up, up with the [illegible] come fifty [illegible] above [illegible]. On the [illegible] a little ledge of [illegible] projected and Blaize pointed [illegible].

Up [illegible]

With a last desperate spurt they reached it and fell down [illegible] on its narrow shaft. Over their closed eyes blew the wind, [illegible] down from the north, where Carroll and Haggerty drove the Curlew towards [illegible].

Below them, on the San Juan, Lambert was more quiet. Treherne let him come on deck, and he mooned about, still carrying Puka's thumb. But for his eyes anyone would have thought he was sane. Treherne knew better. He spoke softly to the lad, humoring him in every way.

"Where's Christine?" Lambert [illegible] over and over again, until Treherne [illegible] exasperatedly, "Oh, [illegible] She'll be back in a [illegible]."

Where was she though? Where was the little [illegible]? This was what came of listening to a woman [illegible]. He had let himself be cheated into believing that she [illegible] safe. Last night [illegible] would it have been better to take what the gods offered, rather than wait? He refused to admit that she had [illegible] escaped. Besides, what [illegible] had a solitary woman in this hostile island? Could she hope to stand out against himself and his boys?

Oh, let her go, said his brain impatiently. Plenty of time to get her when the Vasari Casket [illegible] safe. Let him put by his long [illegible] until he had [illegible] with the sea. Let Christine taste what freedom could be on this unfriendly island of Takunai. He'd wager she'd be blame glad to see him when next they met. A woman, alone, on Takunai! Huh!

He called for the longboat, shouting to the boys that they were to make ready for diving. Lambert strolled idly about the deck, his frozen eyes staring at the sea. What'll he do? thought Treherne. Will he still be scared? Sometimes madness takes 'em in queer ways. There was Bill [illegible], that ginger-headed tough [illegible] was scared of snakes, and when one bit him, on a Sunday morning over Malpas way, he went crazy and everyone thought he'd forget it off. But he didn't. He got cured and spent the rest of his life being hauled away from [illegible] woods where he'd go searching for the snake that bit him.

Remembering the [illegible], Treherne grew thoughtful. Passing Lambert by the companion-head, he spoke to him.

"Guess that shark that got Puka had a tough meal."

Lambert laughed.

"Yes. Oh, yes. I expect so. That shark. Yes."

"Reckon he's still down there," pursued Treherne, cunningly.

Lambert did not answer.

"Would you know him if you saw him?" Treherne asked.

"Oh, yes. I'd know the shark. The shark got Puka—all except his thumb."

"So he did, now! A bad old [illegible]! And suppose you could catch him? What?"

The [illegible] brightened.

"We'd find the rest of Puka."

Treherne swallowed.

"Sure, that's what we'd do. Wouldn't that be fine? Join his thumb on again, so we could."

Lambert nodded.

"Yes. I'll find him."

He began stripping off his clothes and Treherne said hastily, "Wait a bit. We'll take the longboat right over the place where you saw him."

Lambert nodded cheerily, and Treherne thought, "He's a sight more [illegible] without his wits." He went away to the hold to see about some rope and Lambert sat down with his back to the mainmast, his blue eyes gazing straight before him into space.

Treherne hurried to the hold with Manua to find the rope. He had planned to use the grappling hooks right away, to try and shift the bits of wreckage that lay heaped about a mud-covered pile near the bow of the Constantine. He was excited, wrought up at the prospect of another round in his fight with the jealous sea. Impatiently he waited while Manua shinned down the hanging rope into the dark hold. Lifting his eyes he saw Lambert.

Lambert was walking towards him, with hands outflung. What did the fool want? And how queerly his eyes shone! What was there about him, what was there . . .

"'Strewth!" said Treherne, and clapped a nerveless hand over his mouth. There was no one there except himself. Lambert—Lambert . . .

Conquering his terror, Treherne raced to where he had left the boy. Lambert sat in the same pose, his back against the mainmast.

Near him a Kanaka crouched, watching.

"Keluti!" Treherne called.

The boy scrambled to his feet.

"Tereherini?"

"Him Lamebeti—him stop here all time?"

"All time stop."

"Him go away?"

"No, Tereherini," said the puzzled Keluti. "Tereherini go way, him Lamebeti sit down. No go."

So Lambert hadn't moved. Then it was his ghost Treherene had seen. He shuddered, feeling the sweat cover his body where he stood. What had he seen? What did it augur for the future? Oh, call it a trick of the eyesight! Call it the image conjured up by a disordered mind! Call it anything but what it was—the most terrible thing on earth—the wraith of a living man.

"It's death," Treherne said in his heart. "For him? Very likely. For—me? Perhaps."

He went below and had a stiff one. It bucked him up. But he could not banish the fear which had seized him. Like a man in a dream he went on deck again, and watched while Lambert and the boys swung eagerly into the longboat. He followed them, with a queer [illegible] at his heart. Somehow he couldn't bear to look at Lambert.

In the longboat [illegible] the [illegible] Treherne spent a morning that left him [illegible] hot and exhausted. [illegible] the titea mata he watched the [illegible] ing brown bodies [illegible] again. The work [illegible] grappling hooks was [illegible] [illegible] Lambert [illegible]. He was utterly without fear now. It was odd to see him plunge so gaily into the [illegible] that he had dreaded when sane.

All morning [illegible] Manua and Keluti stood the strain well. The rest of the [illegible] their noses [illegible] weak with coughing. Little by little the pile [illegible] Treherne [illegible] away. Standing [illegible] a great square box [illegible] as the latter was [illegible] drawn aside. Surely that was the case that held the [illegible]? Any other case must have perished by this time.

He could no longer make Lambert understand what he sought. The boy listened to him and answered with a [illegible] coughing laugh. [illegible] Treherne repeated his words slowly, carefully, emphasizing the need for raising that [illegible] box. Lambert nodded [illegible]. Treherne flung up his arms in despair.

"You fool! Don't you get me? I want the box up—up here."

"I'm looking for the shark that got Puka," said Lambert. "I don't know anything about a box. He [illegible] under that pile of stuff. I've turned it over and there's nothing there but a box—"

"That's it! That's the one. I wanted it hooked. Oh, get out, you fool. Hey, Keluti!"

"[illegible]"

At last he made them understand what he wanted. By dint of sweat and blasphemy and backbreaking effort the half-drowned boys succeeded in grappling the case. It was now midafternoon. The heat was intense. Brazen sea, brazen sky and unending effort. Treherne's head [illegible]. Time and again he sent down the boys to try to get [illegible] on that heavy lead-lined case which contained his heart's desire. They grew sullen at last.

"We'll never raise it," Treherne said aloud. "It'll break the ropes and it'll break our backs."

Should he bring out the San Juan and use the windlass? It seemed the only solution. Yet it was dangerous to bring the ship so near to the reefs which had killed the Constantine.

"Lift up, lift up," he urged the boys, and stood by with two of them to haul up the heavy weight.

They went down again, but without avail. They were worn out. Leaning over the outrigger, Keluti coughed and sputtered in a way that showed he was almost at the end of his tether.

"Tereherini, Lamebeti dive all same good than Kanaka. Suppose Lamebeti go down, can lift him box."

"No good," said Treherne, gloomily, staring at the white body that lay in the bows, apparently oblivious of the heat.

"Suppose tellem Lamebeti him tiark (shark) all same in box?" suggested Keluti.

Treherne caught at the suggestion.

"Lambert!"

"Well?"

"That shark—the one that got Puka—he's here. Come and look."

He slapped the glass-bottomed box into the water and appeared absorbed in watching the progress of an imaginary shark.

"Hi, Lambert! Quick and you'll get him. He's gone in the box. Look alive! You'll get him."

Madly excited, Lambert poised himself on the gunwale. At a sign from Treherne, Manua followed him. The white body was outdistancing the brown, shooting down like an arrow. Treherne marveled afresh at the power that lay in Lambert. What freak of fortune had given him a skill that excelled the skill of these practised Kanakas?

Far below, the groping hands were busy with the case. It swayed and Treherne clutched at the guiding rope. He and the two boys who were in the longboat heaved. The case was rising—rising—

But if the rope should break?

In the agony Treherne shouted. The boys plunged again to steady the burden which rose so slowly through the sea. For a space the sea was all confusion. Lambert shot up, gasping, radiant. He clung to the boat, and waved a triumphant hand. Up, up, came the case until it showed above the water, held fast by the grim hook. The outer wooden cover was rotten. Some of it had already vanished, exposing a corner of lead casing. Treherne was in a fever lest the precious hold of the hook should give. Seaweed dripped from the wood. In one corner was a little cluster of the purple-backed limpets that abound near Takunai.

"Up—up!" clamored the boys, and Treherne bent his shoulders in a last effort. The case crashed over the side into the bottom of the boat. Treherne's heart swelled with triumphant pride. He had it. He had wrested the secret of the Constantine from the jealous water. He laid hands on the case, grasping its rough edges almost savagely in the heat of his achievement.

"Where's the shark?"

Lambert was in the boat. He was gazing foolishly at the case. From his wet body the little drips of water flowed together to form a pool about his feet.

Over Treherne there flowed a wave of anger. This fool! This mad, crazy fool! What was he to do with Lambert? Was he to drag him about wherever he went, the useless, brainsick loon? Always to hear that querulous voice, to meet those wide, vacant eyes at every turn.

"Get out!" he said savagely. "The blasted shark's still in the water."

Lambert shivered a little. Then he turned to plunge again in his endless quest. Angrily Treherne watched him go. Then, as his eye swept the sea he gave a quick shout of horror. A gray fin cut the water. There it was—there—there—

Lambert rose to the surface. He did not come to rest himself. Instead he lay idly on his back, kicking out his heels. Treherne's heart was in his mouth. Yet he did not call. Something stopped him. A way out—yes, a way out.

A moment that seemed a century went by. Then Manua screamed. His fellows took up the cry. They had seen the fin and they piled pell-mell into the catamaran and into the longboat. Clustered there, they yelled in terror, "Lamebeti! Him tiark! Him tiark!"

They were too late. Had Treherne shouted a warning fifty seconds earlier he might have been in time. Lambert turned his head. His languid gaze followed the direction of their quivering hands.

The gray fin showed nearer. Treherne had a sickening glimpse of a sleek white belly. Lambert saw it, too. The sight shocked him back to sanity. The hours which had passed since Puka's death did not exist. Once again he was his familiar self, the self that shuddered at the peril of the water, the self whose nerves were lashed by the fear of what waited for him in the sea.

In feverish haste he began to swim for safety. His agonized eyes met Treherne's stony look. Hurry! Hurry! Strike out again—and yet again—there's time . . .

But there wasn't. Under his body he felt the hard, cold body of the destroyer. He screamed and the scream died in his throat as the shark slid against him. Desperately he hit out at it with his trembling fists. The great mouth opened . . . shut . . . opened . . .

"You mean it?" Christine Said Incredulously. "You'd really whip me?"

CHAPTER XXX.

In the Crater.

BLAIZE had lost his shirt. The huia and the prickly tui-tui had torn it from him bit by bit in that nightmare climb. Christine, laboring behind him, had snatched at any remnants that she could reach and stuffed them into her pocket, lest they should become clues for sharp eyes. She had fared very little better than Blaize. She stood up, a ragged figure, and tried to smooth her tattered coat into some semblance of order. The wind on the hilltop whipped the bright color into her cheeks. Her hair was ruffled. With an impatient hand she pushed it out of her blue-gray eyes, and smiled at Blaize.

"Couple of scare-crows!"

"You've said it! See here, keep back among the trees, Christine. We don't want Treherne to spot us when he trains his glass on the hill."

He was opening a tin of corned beef as he spoke. His face looked thin and worn, and there were circles about his eyes.

"Come and eat your share of this. We'll have a look for breadfruit presently. Do you like it raw? Well, it doesn't matter what you like. We'll be lucky to get anything at all."

She came and sat down beside him, ravenous for food. They ate with zest, chewing each mouthful many times in order to spin out the meal. Constraint crept over them, making them ill at ease. They eyed each other constantly, with furtive, sidelong glances. A clump of palms grew near the crown of the hill on the side that was sheltered from sight of the San Juan. Here they rested, eating their scanty food and examining their hurts. It was near sundown. Christine shivered a little.

"It'll be cold up here tonight," she said, in order to break the oppressive silence that reigned between them. "We'll want a fire."

"Which is just what we shan't get."

"Why not? We could light one lower down."

"No. I'm not risking it. Why, Treherne'll spot it. It's what he'll look for as soon as the sun's gone."

Christine pursed her lips obstinately.

"We must have a fire."

"We're not going to have a fire."

"Look here," she said, "can't we open our mouths without quarreling? We've got to stay here for days, most likely. Are we going to spar all the time?"

"It's your fault as a rule," he told her.

Immediately she flared up.

"Stow that! My fault, is it? I like that!"

She gave her tongue free reign and he stood the smart of it for a good three minutes. Then he spoke.

"Be quiet! I'm not going to be jawed like this. You're all upset because I won't build a fire. We'll try tonight and see if we can stand it. It won't be so cold as you think."

"You're absurd! Why—"

"Be quiet!" he roared at her. "Or I'll thrash you!"

She was terrified at his sudden anger. He looked around for the rope, reached for it, began to shorten it to a lash.

"You mean it?" Christine said incredulously. "You'd really whip me?"

"By heaven, I would," Blaize told her fervently, "if it would stop your tantrums!"

"You've mistaken your vocation," Christine told him in an icy voice. "You ought to have been a sheik with a long black curly beard. Think what a success you'd be in a harem."

"It would do you good to be in a harem," he flared back. "A couple of weeks there would knock some of the nonsense out of you."

"Very well," she said with a resigned air, "if you want me to be your slave, I submit. Would you like me to remain kneeling? Is there any little order you feel you would like me to obey?"

He flushed at the malicious mockery of her voice.

"Shut up," he said and hunched himself round so that his back was towards her.

"You can't be dignified without a shirt," she pursued, "so don't try. By the way, am I to die of thirst, or may I go and look for some water? I wouldn't dream of asking you to do it for me."

Without a word he got up, and went down the hill, the empty corned-beef tin in his hand. The first time he had climbed the hill

(Continued on Page 17)

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Kid Sisters Don't Count

By Maysie Greig

The Gripping Story of a Girl Who Found Love, But Only at the Price of Her Romantic Ideals

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Angela Halliday wants to divorce her husband, Lang, and marry Quentin Murdock, a cynical man-of-the-world. Kay Jerrold, Angela's kid sister, determines to cut Angela out and thus restore her to Lang, who has always been Kay's idea.

Quentin falls in love with Kay. She thinks she hates him but finds herself deeply stirred by his kisses. When he proposes she agrees to marry him.

Kay realizes now that it is Lang whom she loves but hopes her sacrifice will reconcile the Hallidays and restore Lang's happiness. She practically admits her feeling for Lang but he fails to respond.

Kay marries Quentin, intending to leave him as soon as possible. When she confesses her real reason for the marriage, he contends she is suffering from an overdose of ideals and illusions and could learn to love him if she would.

Quentin refuses to respect her wish to be a wife in name only and Kay is convinced he does appeal to her, but to her worst side. She threatens to leave him and he agrees to continue their honeymoon as she wishes. As time goes on she finds herself giving a growing liking for Quentin as traitorous to her idealistic love for Lang.

She grows jealous when Quentin pays marked attention to Delly Laval, an old friend, and finally offers to live his way if he will stop his attentions to Delly. She will not admit she loves him and Quentin refuses her offer.

Crushed, Kay flees to Lang, who has discovered he doesn't want to become reconciled with Angela. Somehow Kay falls to get the thrill she expected when Lang tells her he loves her.

When she asks Quentin for a divorce he suggests she clear off with Lang and if she finds she likes him well enough to stick, then he will divorce her. If the experiment is not a success he will take her back.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Crisis.

NERVING herself for what was ahead, Kay packed feverishly. She felt she couldn't get her clothes together quickly enough.

She was afraid to stop for one single moment. Afraid she might weaken. For now that it was all decided, what was the use of weakening?

Lang jumped to his feet as, some little time later, she came flushed and breathless into the lounge.

"Darling, you have been quick!"

She laughed shakily. "I haven't wasted much time, have I?"

She paid her bill and the porter called them a taxi. Just as she was about to step into it she hesitated, turned and ran back into the hotel.

"If anyone should call me this is my address," she said to the porter. "The name is Halliday."

It had been raining for some time. A light drizzle had started shortly after Quentin had left her. Now the streets were slushy and the rain had a depressing, never-ending quality. Once the taxi skidded and Kay was thrown violently against Lang. He put his arm about her and held her close to him in the darkness.

"We're going to be very happy, aren't we, darling?"

She nodded and rested her head against his shoulder. She thought, "How can we fail to be happy? I'm so fond of him."

The cab jerked to a standstill. Kay jumped out and ran through the rain into the lobby. Lang got the porter and between them they took Kay's luggage up to the apartment. Whilst they were doing it Kay stood in the middle of the sitting room and looked uncertainly about her. The same sitting room yet, strangely, it looked different. She couldn't tell where this difference lay. She just felt it somehow.

"Home," she thought, and smiled uncertainly.

Having got rid of the porter Lang came over to her and put an arm about her shoulders. "It isn't much of a place, eh, sweetheart? But we won't remain here long. I thought of asking for a few days off from the office after the week-end. We can go away and, when we come back, we can start apartment hunting in grim earnest."

Kay nodded. She thought, "It will be better then. When we have our own things around us. Everything won't seem so strange."

He raised her chin with his fingers, bent and kissed her cheek. "Go and take off your hat and coat, precious. Unpack some of your things, if you like. I'll light the fire and make some cocoa. It'll warm us."

The spare bedroom seemed unfamiliar, too, despite the two nights she had spent there before. She drew the blind and lit the gas heater, knelt holding out her hands to the warmth. As she knelt there she heard the telephone ringing in the next room. She half-started to her feet, then sank down again. How stupid. It couldn't possibly be for her.

She heard Lang answer, it, though she couldn't make out what he said.

"I guess I ought to start unpacking," she thought. Yet she seemed oddly reluctant to. "I can hardly believe I've actually taken this step," she went on thinking. "That from this evening on Lang and I will be together—always, the one of my dreams come true. Funny, I'm not more thrilled. Perhaps the realization of a dream isn't quite so good as the dreaming of it. What a cynical thought! Worthy of Quentin!"

Quentin . . . She wished she hadn't thought of him just now. All evening, since Lang and she had made their decision, she'd been avoiding thinking of him. Yet she knew he was there somewhere behind that mind curtain she had drawn over her past association with him. But how long would he remain in the background? She had a definite feeling that, at any moment, he might become vital and living. Then what would happen?

In this little room she had slept the night before she married him. She remembered how she had walked to the City Hall that morning, how strange she had felt. Because she had arrived too early she had had a cup of coffee in a restaurant opposite; the little waitress had seemed so envious of the bride-to-be. Envious!

Then had followed the incredible ceremony itself. How queerly impersonal she had felt all through it. Like a dream. The dream had held throughout that lunch at the Palace, that drive through the countryside, aglitter with golds and reds. And then . . . it had ceased suddenly to be a dream.

From the moment Quentin had carried her across the threshold into the shack itself she had been startlingly, terribly awake. Even now the memory was sweeping her mind in great engulfing waves. Sitting there, hunched back on her knees, she stared straight through the fireplace into another room; a room where flame tongues from a giant fireplace licked the beams and the quaint antique furniture. Quentin was standing beside the mantelshelf, his face in shadow, only his very dark hair glinting in the soft light. He was prodding the tobacco into his pipe with his thumb, a queer, intent smile on his lips.

He was saying: "It may not be love as you imagine love, Kay. It's not mixed up with high ideals, noble self-sacrifice, romantic dreams, but, at least, it's real, my dear. When you get down to bed-rock it's the most real thing in the world. Man and woman and the attraction between them. Why, it's responsible for life itself. And I know you've felt it when you've lain in my arms, Muff. It's probably the only genuine honest emotion you've ever felt. And, though you won't agree with me, there is beauty in it . . ."

Almost as though Quentin were standing there actually speaking to her now. She knelt there very still, closed her eyes and thought: "There was beauty in it, too. I felt it that night. I felt we were one in everything . . . for those few short hours. That's what made me despise myself so much afterwards. The realization that I had felt that—without loving him."

A light tap on the door. She called, "Come in," absentmindedly. She didn't even turn her head because, for the moment, the present didn't seem to matter.

"Muff darling, what are you doing? Why, you hasn't even taken off your hat or coat."

Lang's voice startled her. She turned her head quickly and saw him standing in the doorway, a cup of cocoa in one hand. He was wearing the foulard silk dressing gown; the same one he used to wear when they had breakfasted together in Angela's studio apartment. Always her heart had done something queer when she saw him in that gown. But now she was surprised to find her heartbeat was perfectly normal.

He put the cup on the table and came over and dropped on his knees beside her.

"What's the matter, darling? You look strange, and why are you staring at me like that? You're . . . you're not afraid, dearest?"

She shook her head slowly, found her voice with difficulty. "No, I don't think I'm afraid."

"You're cold, eh, that's it? Come into the sitting room, I've got a fire going there."

He sprang to his feet, pulled her up after him, drew her over to the dressing-table and took off her hat. He threw it down on the bed and ran his fingers through her hair. "We'll have to get some roses back into those cheeks, old sweetheart." He laughed and started to unbutton her coat.

But he never finished unbuttoning it. Instead, when he was in the middle of it, he stopped suddenly and stared at her. He stared at her for a very long moment, then, swiftly, savagely, his arms closed about her. He held her tightly to him while his lips, hot and seeking, found hers and held them.

It had happened so suddenly that Kay's brain whirled. As though one moment the old Lang, the Lang she had always known had been standing before her, then, in a trice, he had disappeared. His place had been taken by a stranger, a man with hot trembling hands, blazing eyes, demanding lips. A man whom, until this moment, she had never dreamt existed.

She Gave a Soft, Crooning Laugh, and Wound Her Thin Arms Tightly About His Neck, Drawing His Dark Head Down to Hers.

Still, it was Lang, wasn't it? And, after that first moment of breathlessness she waited for the answering flame to rise in her. She waited for the sense of gladness that must come now she was in the arms of the man she loved. The man to whom she could give not only her body, but her soul. She waited . . . Then, as the seconds passed, she was conscious of a growing sense of revulsion.

It wasn't logical. It wasn't even kind. But she knew startlingly she couldn't bear this new Lang close to her. It was awful, but she didn't love this stranger Lang. She didn't even like him.

Suddenly all her throbbing nerves seemed to cry out for Quentin. Quentin who had been her lover . . . whom she still wanted as her lover. This other, whatever it was she had felt for Lang, wasn't love. Not love as she knew it then, the cry of one mate to the other.

And, all at once, beside this feeling her genuine affection for Lang seemed small and unimportant. A very young girl's dream of love that must be discarded, as she grows older, like the toys she played with in childhood.

Presently with all her strength she pushed him from her.

"It's no use, Lang," she said desperately, "I tell you it isn't any use."

He gazed down at her uncomprehendingly. "What isn't any use, darling? Whatever are you talking about?"

She made a vague gesture. "This . . . you and me, Lang."

He tried to draw her into his arms again. "Darling, you're overwrought, aren't you?"

She wrung her hands. "Please try to understand, Lang . . . I can't go through with it. It isn't right."

"Do you mean because we aren't married? Is that why it isn't right?"

She shook her head. "No, no, Lang . . . I don't love you. I've only just found it out." She gazed at him in mute despair and whispered presently, "Forgive me, Lang."

His face was very white. The veins were standing out on his forehead.

"But, darling, how do you know? Was I too rough? Did I frighten you?"

"No, you didn't frighten me, Lang. It's only—it isn't in me to love you like that . . . Oh, I—I wish I could explain. But it's something I can't explain. I know I thought I loved you. Because I admired you so much. I was so fond of you. And as a kid I'd worshiped you. But . . ." She paused a moment and drew a tight gasping breath, "since then I've grown up, Lang. I've known what love is, though I didn't realize then it was love. I thought it was purely physical attraction, and I was ashamed of it. But I know now I was a fool. You can't be ashamed of anything as big and vital as that, as important to you. And it wasn't only physical attraction either. You can't love so much in that way without your mind coming into it, too. That's why I've been so miserable all these days. Whether I'm with him or away from him—I want him, Lang."

He said, dully, "I suppose you mean Murdock . . . this man you married?"

She bent her head. "Yes . . ." Suddenly she swung away from him. She couldn't bear to look at him. "Oh, Lang," she whispered brokenly, "do try and forgive me!"

After that neither of them spoke for a long while. So long she grew afraid. She turned towards him again and saw he was leaning against the mantelshelf, his face sunk between his hands. She moved over to him and, diffidently, laid a hand on his arm. "Lang, I'm so sorry . . ."

"I don't suppose you can help it, Muff," his voice was low, scarcely coherent, "but, well, it hurts a bit, you know."

She did know. It was hurting her, too. She was still so fond of him.

Presently he raised his head with a jerk. But he didn't look at her.

"There's something you've got to know, Muff," he said in a strained, hoarse voice. "I've been keeping it from you. Maybe I shouldn't have, but I was afraid to give you the message. And you remember you told me nothing would make you change your mind?" He was almost pleading with her. "But now . . ." his lips twitched.

He coughed, but a moment later he went on. "That telephone call. Soon after we got here. It was from Murdock. The hotel must have given him the number here. He must have realized then that you were going through with it. He said he . . . he couldn't bear to have you give yourself —that way. He would let you divorce him. On your own terms. On any terms you liked."

A pause. "Quentin — said — that?" she gasped. She was staring at him, white lipped, incredulous. "And you never told me? You were going through with it, all the same?"

He stared down at the floor. He mumbled, "I said—I was afraid, Muff."

"Lang!" her voice was high-pitched. It cracked.

"Do you blame me very much, Muff? You see, I think I knew all the time it was really him. That's why—when you were so near my reach, Muff, I . . . I didn't give you the message. I thought afterwards you'd have to go on loving me. But, I shouldn't have, Muff. You see," his lips twitched slightly, "when it came to the point I couldn't do the decent thing myself."

She said through stiff cold lips, "The decent thing." The next moment she was galvanized into desperate action. She had seized up her hat, was looking for her bag.

He stood watching her. "You're going back to him?"

She nodded. "He loves me . . . You'll never understand."

He said very quietly, "And you love him?"

"So much, Lang . . ." A desperate sob in her small husky voice.

Then a queer thing happened. The next moment she was sobbing in his arms. And he was holding her tenderly, patting her shoulder clumsily. "Don't cry, dear," he whispered. "I'll take you down there. I'll get out the car. We'll start at once."

"But, Lang . . ?" She raised her tear strained face and stared at him. "You'd take me—to him?"

"That's all right, sweet." A catch in his voice. "We'll forget all about this mess up tonight. We'll just remember you're my sister, eh, Muff? You'll always be my kid sister, won't you, dear?"

Suddenly she flung up her arms and clasped them around his neck.

"Oh, Lang, you've come back . . . My big, adorable brother Lang . . . I'm so glad. So very glad."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Conclusion.

A QUEER drive down to Stamford. Quite the queerest drive Kay had ever taken. She sat huddled in the front seat beside Lang, scarcely speaking. He rarely spoke either. His face was white and strained. Kay couldn't tell what he was thinking. And, really, she was too full of her own thoughts to speculate very much.

She was going back to Quentin. The hum of the wind, the crunching song of the tires on the wet roadway, all seemed to whisper the same thing. Back to Quentin. Back to Quentin. As though all nature were a giant orchestra with the gaunt arms of the trees, bending in the wind, the batons of so many conductors, joining all the night sounds in unison.

Back to Quentin. Back to Quentin. But, this time she was going with her eyes open, with her love for him admitted, unashamed. All her silly childish illusions were dead. And how glad she was. How glad to be able to admit life at last in all its stark beauty and wonder.

But would Quentin want her back? Yet didn't his capitulation at the last moment prove his love? Once again he had been willing to play the scapegoat. And with a man of his temperament this final capitulation to love must have been a hard and bitter thing.

When they reached the white gates that led into Mrs. Murdock's home Lang drew up the car. "I won't take you any further, Muff." He smiled slightly. "You wouldn't want me to, would you?"

She said unsteadily, "I'll . . . I'll never forget what you've done for me tonight, Lang."

He smiled faintly in the darkness. "You will," he thought. "A woman always forgets the other man. It's inevitable." But he felt no bitterness against her. It wasn't in Lang's nature to feel bitter against anyone for long.

Still Kay hesitated. She was standing in the roadway, the door of the car half open. "We can go on being friends, Lang?"

"Bless you. Of course, Muff." Impulsively she leant forward and kissed him.

"From the kid sister . . ."

"Who doesn't count, eh, Muff?"

They both laughed, though tears were behind her laughter.

"Let me count a little please, Lang."

He kissed her hand. A small, white, cold hand. "I think I can promise you that at least, Muff." A moment later he had driven away.

Kay turned and went through the white gates up the long red gravel drive. The rain had ceased. A thin new moon showed faintly through the storm clouds. New moon—new life. She stood still a moment and watched it.

Oddly, now she was actually here, she found herself reluctant to go inside the house. She felt stifled with a nervous dread. Was she afraid that Dolly Laval might still be there? But she knew she didn't mind meeting that woman now. It was Quentin she was afraid of.

After what seemed to her an eternity she forced herself to ring the doorbell.

The butler looked as surprised as a high-class butler can look and get away with it.

"Where is . . . my husband, Watson?" Kay murmured.

"I believe Mr. Murdock is in the study, madam. Mrs. Murdock has gone to bed."

"And . . . her guest, Mrs. Laval?"

"She went to New York by the nine-thirty train, madam."

A tiny breath of relief escaped Kay.

"I'll . . . go in to Mr. Murdock, Watson."

A few minutes later she caught and held her breath a moment before she pushed open the door of the study softly and went inside. Her nervousness had increased until she felt physically sick. Quentin was sitting at his desk. But he wasn't reading, though a book lay open before him. His shoulders were hunched and his head was bent, his chin resting on his brown knotted hands.

She swallowed twice before her voice finally came. "Quentin!"

He swung round to face her. "Why, Muff!" he exclaimed in a low startled voice.

He jumped to his feet. A dark flush stained his forehead, and his blue eyes blazed dangerously. She had the feeling he was angry with her for having come in like this and caught him off his guard. But, a second later, he was smiling; that faintly twisted smile she had come to associate with him.

"So you got my message?"

"Yes . . . it was decent of you, Quentin." The next moment she wished she hadn't said that. Those words carried too many painful memories.

He laughed shortly. "I'm glad you've admitted at last I can do a decent thing, Muff . . . And I was in time, eh? You hadn't started the . . . the experiment?"

She shook her head. "There wouldn't have been any experiment anyhow, Quentin."

His head jerked up. She fancied his face went a little pale; again she saw that dangerous blaze in his eyes. "What do you mean, Muff?"

"It . . . . . it was a fiasco right from the start, Quentin. I . . . I," she wrung her hands and her small husky voice cracked, "I tried to go through with it, I admit. I even went to Lang's apartment. But . . . but when it came to the point . . . ." she paused again. She couldn't go on. Her brown eyes were swimming with tears.

He might have helped her. But he didn't move. He stood there with a curious tense immobility, his hands clenched behind his back.

"Yes, Muff, when it came to the point . . . ?" he prompted.

She shook her head sharply, as though to shake the tears from her eyes. "I . . . I just couldn't go on. I knew I didn't love him. I was fond of him, but I didn't love him. I . . . I found . . . ." her voice broke.

Must she continue? How cruel he was. Wouldn't he help her?

"Yes, you found, Muff?" he spoke, sharply curtly.

"That . . . that I loved you." But she was staring down at the carpet. She couldn't bring herself to look at him. "Oh, Quentin, you were right. I've been an awful little fool," she stammered.

Now she was in his arms. Hard, strong arms that seemed to be crushing the very life out of her. But how good it was to be held like this. And instead of the sternness, tenderness and worship shone in his very blue eyes.

"Forgive me, darling, but I had to make you say it. I swore to myself that if you ever came back you must say it like that. I . . . I've been through such torment, Muff! Adoring you, not knowing what was happening between you and that man. I think . . . if you hadn't come tonight I would have gone mad."

She said shakily again, "I've been a little fool all along the line, Quentin."

He laughed suddenly and, though his laugh was tender, there was triumph in it. And he pulled her closer to him, his hands gripping her shoulders, his thin, dark face pressed close to hers. "Always a little fool, Muff . . . but rather a dear little fool, don't you think?"

Later, they stood in the garden, their arms entwined and watched the new moon. The storm clouds had gone. It shed a very faint light on the garden, a suggestion of silver seeping through the darkness.

He said softly, "Look, a new moon, darling. Shall we wish again?"

She nodded. "What would you wish, Quentin?"

He gave a low husky laugh. "The same as that other time . . . do you remember, my dear?"

A flush rose to her pale cheeks. She trembled a little, though it wasn't through fear. "I'll wish first," she said quietly. "Listen, Quentin, but remember you must not interrupt, for I'm speaking to the moon." A faint smile touched her lips but she shooed it away.

"I wish, oh Moon," she said very softly, "that my husband will forgive me for having acted like a stupid kid. I wish him to take me in his arms and tell me he has forgiven me . . . I," her voice faltered a little, but she went on bravely, "I want him to love me, as he loved me that first night. For," her tones sank to a whisper, "I love him with everything in me. He . . . he can love all of me, if he wants me."

"Muff!" His arms tightened

(Continued on Page 16)

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Dismal, Deserted Resorts of "Gay Paris" Night Life

(Continued from Double Page)

would beat him up. He paid, but complained next morning to the Police Commissaire of the Quarter. Shrugging his shoulders, the official said:

"In such cases we are powerless to act. The proprietor of the cafe always has witnesses to say the victim has drunk several bottles of expensive champagne. So what can we do?"

Occasionally cheated customers go to law, yet they generally get nothing but a lawyer's bill for their pains. This is what happened to an American, James A. Clark, who sued M. Cazes, proprietor of Lipp's Cafe, in the Boulevard Saint-Germain, following an altercation between the management and Clark last year. When the case was called the other day Judge Fleurot lauded Clark's war service, yet would not award him the 500 francs he asked, although Clark said he would give the sum to charity. Nevertheless, Clark had the pleasure of paying the court costs, not to mention the fee of his French lawyer, Maitre Veron.

Greenhorns are easy prey for the cafe "entraineuse" (a kind of "chiseler"), yet even the experienced nighthawk must guard against the enticements of the "entoleuse" (a female lure) and against the girl drugseller. This guileful creature, whose main object is to steal as much money as possible in the briefest time, plays on man's vanity. She informs some conceited fool that she can't live without him, invites him to have a drink, puts knock-out drops in his glass and then walks off with his wallet.

The "entoleuse" is a particularly dangerous woman, because she not only sells drugs, but is armed with the means of putting a victim in a stupor. Visitors to the Montmartre dens of iniquity are not usually alert to the danger of drugged drinks.

The police are still looking for Liane de Chevreville, a lovely brunette. Last July, while seeking whom she might devour in the Montmartre quarter, Liane fell in with an opulent oil man from Mexico, Senor Juan Ramon Fernandez. Gifted in the art of casting a net about the heart of a young spark or an old rake, the "entoleuse" had little trouble in fascinating M. Fernandez, and, after luring him to the back room of a bar near the Place Clichy, she put dope in his liquor. When he dropped off to sleep Liane appropriated his platinum ring, which was set with a blue Borneo diamond worth 200,000 francs.

Friedrich Schwartz, noted Czechoslovakian composer of dance-music, one day in July was found dead in a hotel room, at No. 291 Rue Saint-Denis. He had come to Paris ten days before to see the Bastile Day celebration. During a visit to the Bal Tabarin — headquarters of cancan dancers on the Butte — he formed an acquaintance with a young woman notorious in the district as a wanton, "entoleuse" and cocaine-addict. She persuaded him to accompany her to her rooms, where he was drugged and robbed. The composer died from the effects of the "coco" the girl gave him. Up to date she has not been arrested, although three other light-fingered minxes, living at the address where M. Schwartz died, were recently nabbed by Police Inspector Fouquet. The trio — "Pepe" Rigidelle, "Madau" Appruzele, and Therese Lebourgeois — established a record of plundering seventeen men all in one week, one of the victims being a French Colonel.

A Parisian medical student, last May, had the misfortune to go on a spree with Mlles. Christine Jurion and Georgette Prouet, both 17 years of age. Having spent the night at "Chez les Nudistes" — a cabaret, in the Rue Fontaine, whose manager lately aroused the wrath of Gaby Morlay, the actress, because one of his artists represented her nude in a mural decoration — the student discovered, after bidding adieu to his pair of charmers, that his pocketbook, watch, ring and identity papers were missing. He notified the police and the girls were rounded up.

A few weeks later Mme. Paulet, proprietress of the Cafe-Hotel de la Toison d'Or (Cafe of the Golden Fleece), in the Rue des Mauvais Garcons, was sentenced by Judge Dullin, of the 12th Correctional Court, to six months in jail, and also condemned to hand back 60,000 francs to four "argonauts" — MM. Dutrot, Popozoff, Thomas and Smamel — whom she had fleeced with the able assistance of Mlle. Mireille Talbon, a young practician of the oldest profession. Evidently the two sought to emulate Mme. Alexandrine Bonnet — mother of "entoleuses" — who made millions in four years at Paris by exploiting male susceptibility in the eleven hotel-restaurants she managed. Like Gavarni, the two women could say: "De quoi qu'elles tes femmes, si Dieu leur otait la betise de l'homme?" (How would women live if God deprived them of man's stupidity?).

An "entoleuse," who rifles a man's pockets, has little to fear from him as a rule, for he is ashamed to report the theft to the police, being afraid the papers will get wind of the affair and "disgrace" him. Still, she runs the risk of trying to rob a plainclothes-man. Furthermore, she must turn over a large percentage of her "earnings" to her protector, because, like the pavement nymph, she is usually the slave of some bully. Her life is not all glitter and gladness.

But once in a while she encounters a tough customer, who objects to being pilfered, and who takes an awful revenge. This was the case of pretty Marcelle Puissant, an expert in her calling for the past 13 years in Montmartre. Last Summer, in an ill-famed resort on the Rue des Martyrs, she was strangled to death by a man who caught her in the act of extracting his wallet. Inspectors Piquet and Schmitt have been on the assassin's trail for weeks, yet so far he has slipped through their nets.

There is hardly a night club or dance-hall in the Montmartre district, whose entertainers or habitues are not identified with some scandal or crime. Take for example the "Colisem," on the Rue Rochechouart. For years the pillar of this temple of rhythm, with its tariffed trollops, was Don Carlos de Tejada, Spanish "danseur mondain," who recently was found slain in his rooms among the love-notes of the women he blackmailed.

The "Red Angel Cabaret" (the old "Palermo"), on the Rue Fontaine, was the stamping-ground of two dangerous "souteneurs" and gigolos — Robert Charles, nicknamed "Le Manchot," and Posmansky, called "Le Volga." The former shot "Le Volga" to death in the Bois de Boulogne last July, after a dispute over a dancuse, Mlle. Regine Fontrey.

"Melody's Bar," at No. 26 Rue Fontaine, is not only famed for its Cuban orchestra and high-kickers, but as the chosen rendezvous of Mlle. Violette Nozieres, girl poisoner and parricide of 18, who came here, in September, 1933, to carouse with one of her many sweethearts — a Senegambian saxophone player, M. Louis-Francois Pierre — after killing her father and almost killing her mother by poison, so as to inherit a few thousand francs.

The "Boite a Matelots," on the same street, is where the 17-year-old daughter of the millionaire Dr. Boucard, secretly made dates this Spring with a Viennese dancer, who later eloped with the girl by airplane and married her at Gretna Green, Scotland. The irate father afterwards had the marriage annulled, because his child was under age. The cafe dancer, arrested in England for selling his "bride's" jewels, was taken to Paris, tried, and then expelled from France.

"Liberty Bar," on the Place Blanche opposite the Moulin Rouge Ball, is frequented by shady characters of every description. Here Oscar Dufrenne, municipal councillor of Paris, member of the Legion of Honor and director of the Palace Music Hall, made friends with a sailor, who later murdered Dufrenne, on the night of September 24, in the office of the Palace Theatre, Faubourg de Montmartre.

"Chez Florence," a cabaret at No. 61 Rue Blanche, has long been known as a gilded den of thieves. Not content with skinning customers, the proprietress, Mme. Regina Bouquin, likewise defrauded Government fiscal agents. For instance, she would note down in her records that she had sold 563 bottles of champagne during a certain length of time, whereas in reality she had sold 2,532 bottles. While the tax-collectors winked at the way Mme. Bouquin emptied the pockets of her patrons, they would not tolerate being duped themselves, and so dishonest Regina was fined 3,000,000 francs.

The "Lapin Agile" — scene of many a scandal — was the haunt of an adventuress who palmed herself off as the "Duchess of Richemont." The lucrative racket of this lady has been the talk of Montmartre for a year. During the season when foreign visitors were most in evidence the "Duchess," rigged out in her glad rags, would descend to the Grand Boulevard, and seat herself at the terrace of the Cafe Madrid, gathering-place of wealthy Argentines. Practically all of the waiters were in her pay, and when a man with "money to burn" was smitten by her beauty and asked a garcon who she was, he was told she was "a Scotch lady of title, who counted royalty among her friends." In reality, the "Duchess" was an ex-nursemaid, born in Belfast.

His curiosity aroused, the admirer would timidly scrawl her a note, asking to be favored with her company at dinner that evening. At first the woman would make a pretense of being indignant, but she gradually cooled down and conceded that, as he seemed to be a gentleman, she would stretch a point by accepting the invitation. At the dinner-table she would volunteer the information that she was alone for the time being in Paris, and would not be averse to a round of the more exclusive clubs of the capital with her admirer.

The wish of the "Duchess" was invariably granted, and a night out usually cost the victim several thousand francs, more than half of which was commission for the lady by arrangement with the proprietors of the "boites de nuit" to which she took her companion. One of her games was to take her dupe to a private room, in some resort, where she made him crawl around on all fours, like a dog, promising him that if he obeyed her commands she would allow him to pay her visits at her luxurious "hotel particulier" in Auteuil.

To be in the "Duchess" good graces her adorer was willing to act the part of an abject slave, yet it is doubtful if he would have continued playing the fool had he known that the eyes of all the guests in the establishment were fixed on his monkey-shines. In fact, the Irish vamp gained 1,000 francs by this comedy, having an understanding with the cabaret's manager that she was to receive this sum every time she lured a sucker into the "cabinet particulier," the walls of which were full of peep-holes!

Tricks like this played on tourists in the tawdry dives of Montmartre, coupled with the swindling high prices of food and drinks, have at last disgusted travelers, and the "hill of joy" — the Parisian Venusberg — is suffering extreme depression.

Foreign visitors are not the only ones to desert the Butte. Even painters and sculptors have migrated from the slopes once dear to Willette, Steinlen and Toulouse-Lautrec, installing themselves in studios on the other side of the Seine at Montparnasse. Except for one or two old-timers, like Leandre, the caricaturist, the sole artists remaining are "artists" with the knife, and crooks.

Montmartre has lost its magic, its glamour is gone, the festive days are over. Unless one wishes to clink glasses with a thief or assassin, to sup with a street-girl whose face is seamed with scars — "wounds" inflicted by her lovers" — there is no reason to patronize the resorts that still keep open. The dens are more drab and sinister than ever — roosts for birds of prey and of misfortune.

Formerly happy as a kitten in a bed of catnip, the inhabitant of Montmartre today is melancholy as a witch's black cat. However, it would be giving a wrong impression to say that he lives without diversions, though some of his amusements might seem a bit queer to an outsider. Here is a sample of his merry-making:

Some weeks ago the Free Commune of Montmartre organized an "Ugliness Contest," offering a handsome prize to the most hideous youngster who could make the worst grimaces. The competition was a success. Every foul alley of the Butte contributed its quota of little monsters, and the onlookers — thick as flies on a wound — enjoyed the show immensely, cracking jokes and applauding as each contestant twisted his or her features into the likeness of a gargoyle.

At first, the judges thought of awarding the "prix de laideur" to a pitiful gamin whose facial contortions were particularly repulsive, but it was discovered at the last minute that he was suffering from the tic-douloureux, a nervous disease which disqualified him. A child with a gnome-like head, cavernous eyes, and a large, loose mouth that did marvelous things, from the ridiculous to the terrible, finally won the coveted honors.

Balzac likened Paris to "a great ulcer." The comparison still holds good, especially if applied to that section of the city known as Montmartre.

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES —

ANTON LEKANG

NATIONAL CLASS A SKI JUMP CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES. With over forty titles and trophies behind him, Anton Lekang turned in a brilliant ski-jumping record at Lake Tahoe to win the 1932 National Championship of the U.S.A. Lekang has been smoking Camels for many years. He says: "A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. They never interfere with healthy nerves."

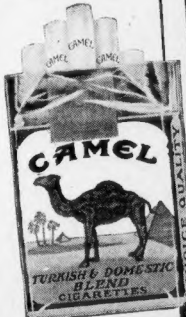
HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?
TRY THIS TEST

Here is a series of six lines, exactly the same length. Have someone count quickly, one, two, three, four, five, six, while you divide each line exactly in half. Now measure each line with a ruler. What's your score? The average person divides the lines within one-eighth of an inch.

Florence Burnham (Camel smoker), famous woman motorboat racer, divides them within one-sixteenth of an inch!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
It is a fact that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

A MATCHLESS BLEND



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

ANTON LEKANG, winner of over 40 titles and trophies, smokes Camels steadily — without a sign of jangled nerves. He says:

"The most important elements in ski jumping are correct timing and healthy nerves. In fact, they add up to the same thing because you cannot have correct timing *without* healthy nerves. I have been jumping at championship ski-runs for years. And I have smoked Camels steadily for even longer. They are the only cigarette that I don't get tired of. A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. And Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."

° ° °

Countless thousands are changing to Camels. And they are urging others to join them! Camels *are* milder. They have a rich, satisfying flavor. And they leave your nerves smooth and unruffled.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES...NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Kid Sisters Don't Count By Mausie Greig

(Continued from Page 15)

about her. "You understand now?"

She gave a soft crooning laugh and wound her thin arms tightly about his neck, drawing his dark head down to hers.

"I understand so much, Quentin! So much! Everything I so foolishly fought against once. You were right. Our senses are surer judges of real happiness than are our minds. I loved you that night...I've loved you ever since, though I wouldn't admit it. I was furiously jealous of that woman, though I wouldn't admit that either. And that night... that night I came to your room I wanted your love as much as I want it now."

He held her closer, his cheek pressed against hers. She went on in the same soft, vibrant tones:

"I'm so happy, Quentin. I never dreamt there could be such happiness. That's another thing I've learnt. It's not ideals that make you happy, nor romantic dreams...It's just letting yourself live..."

He stopped her mouth with kisses, kisses that were perhaps more wonderful because of the agony that had gone before. Then he held her a little away from him, raised one eyebrow and laughed.

"Such a wise girl, my Miss Muffet's become...But I had a terrible time teaching her, hadn't I, darling?"

THE END.

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BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

Love, Honor and Deceive

By Howard Rockey

The Fascinating Story of a Business Girl's Romantic Racketeering

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The Housewife's Century of Progress

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE past season has witnessed a remarkable exposition. Thousands of persons have visited and been enthralled by exhibits or scale models depicting some of the most spectacular achievements of all time. Not even the famed historical "Seven Wonders of the World" could compete with these displays of scientific progress—progress which has been devoted to the discovery and development of services to man—and to woman also!

For not only has Science conquered the darkness of night, the isolation of distance, and the drudgery of man's manual labor—by means of the electric light, the telegraph, and the innumerable applications of the electric or power motor to his workshop and to his farm—but it has produced a rapid evolution in woman's special sphere—the home—and given her a Century of Progress uniquely her own.

If, as a distinguished thinker has claimed, "the record of human progress is written in a gradually growing number of implements and arts" (fire, the bow, pottery, weaving, steam, electricity, aviation), what a broadening background of handicrafts and progress has this past 50 years' period brought to the housewife!

There were no chimneys in the 12th century; only the Church and royalty could boast windows in the time of Queen Elizabeth; there was no central heating or running water in houses until the latter part of the 19th century; bathrooms as they are familiar to us today are a development of the last 25 years; the original concept of a self-propelled vehicle has evolved and expanded into a gigantic system of highway transportation embracing some 23,000,000 passenger cars, 3,500,000 trucks, and 95,000 buses; the simple wireless signaling method has come into 16,500,000 homes, bringing with it its great gift of music, entertainment and education.

Indeed, this whole past era has seen established an entirely new and higher scheme of life, of increasing education and common family comforts. More important still is the fact that this increase in comforts, conveniences and labor-aiders has been shared not only by the city or urban dweller, but brought to the isolated and rural homes, and particularly to the country housewife so urgently in need of means to lessen her housekeeping burdens.

Any person doubting our women's vastly easier lot need only travel abroad, where, in Italy, for example, countless women daily prostrate themselves along the river's edge, slapping their clothing on the slippery rocks to beat it clean; or in Switzerland, where it is also a daily occurrence to watch an Alpine woman carrying a cartload of hay on her back as she climbs a steep mountain trail. Everywhere it has been and still is human muscle, hard backbreaking manual toil which makes the traditional lot of woman and caused the plaint that "woman's work is never done."

What a fascinating task it would be to assemble and sponsor a Century of Progress for the Housewife! There would be shown only such exhibits as concerned progress in housewifely crafts, skills and processes: side by side with the ancient "rushlight" lamp would be the high powered incandescent bulb; the clumsy ugly Victorian kitchen range with its bow-legs and twisted iron grillwork next the streamline model cooking range designed not only for cooking performance but for beauty and ease in cleaning; the old wooden or zinc kitchen sink set back in an obscure corner contrasted with the new shining sink as gleaming and smart as a modern motor; the heavy black iron cooking pot beside lightweight shining aluminum; soap from homemade ashes and lye next to soap poured from a modern machine, untouched by human hands, until laid on your own bathroom shelf.

A half century, nay, hardly even a 40-year span, has elapsed since the invention and production of our most familiar household products. Our granddaughters will never know and our daughters scarcely believe that there was a time when one could not plug in the morning percolator, pull down the lever on the toast, take refreshing ice cubes out of their tray, or run the vacuum cleaner over the carpet just as husband closed the door to go to work. Fully 90% of all the practical appliances, the smaller labor-savers and aiders, the smart gadgets, have been given the home in just the time it takes for us all to become gently middle-aged.

What is the most universally used household labor-saver? Unquestionably the electric iron. Who is there, however, who remembers the days of the old sad-iron (were they perchance "sad" because they were the invariable accompaniment of Blue Monday?) the sad-iron with its clumsy design, its snap-in handle, and the red-hot stove necessary to heat it so as to enable one to polish off an apron or iron a fresh blouse?

What is another nearly universal power utility, brought into still more common use, perhaps, because of the depression and the need for saving on the family laundry budget? The power washing machine. It is a long, long trail since the first washer was a clumsy chain-drive machine, with its milk-stool central revolving dolly agitator! Crude indeed was that first model originating in the brain of a business man who, seeing a clipping telling of a man who ran his farm washer with a small motor, produced a product which he sold even in the face of the panic of 1907.

In the World's Fair of 1893 (of course you recall that, too, is just 40 years ago) was first displayed the equally crude model of the first electric range or cooking unit. Its originator did not think the day would ever come when he would have to make that range really practical—and work! However, he understood the need for a cooking device that could be used on quickly strung power wires, so one hot July, amid the smells from an egg-drying factory, he invented and perfected the world's first five usable electric ranges.

A manufacturer of compressors saw in the private homes of rich brewers whom he visited their refrigerating plants for chilling their own products. This gave him a hint—and in or about 1912 he produced the first domestic refrigerator for home use on a commercial basis.

According to the latest figures, out of 29,000,000 homes in America, 20,441,249 are using electricity. Approximately 13,000,000 have telephones. The electric refrigerator has sold itself into some 3,500,000 homes in the space of the last five years. About 16,500,000 homes enjoy the privileges of broadcasting. Will the housewife's Century of Progress continue to evolve along trends and with appliances still unthought, undreamed of?

Just a few years ago when a family moved it took along the family icebox, cooking range, heating stove, screens, shades and what not, along with the baby's high chair and the family furniture. But the new trend is to build all such equipment permanently into the dwelling, and make it as standard equipment as bath-tubs or kitchen sinks.

The young housewife who so jauntily guides her vacuum cleaner across the parlor rug does not stop to realize that she is using an appliance which may be said to typify the entire Housewife's Century of Progress. The corn-broom versus electric cleaning service! The broom (step-child of the original "besom" or tied bunch of twigs) is the epitome of housekeeping drudgery and faulty technique in housekeeping processes; every motion of the broom did little else but raise clouds of dust into the air—from whence it settled back on pictures, furniture and floor—all to require re-dusting to make the room really clean! The broom typifies scattering—the vacuum typifies absorption—and thus shows in one contrasting exhibit all that progress may really mean when discussed from the housekeeping viewpoint. Yet not until as late as 1908 was the first cleaner of the portable type brought onto the market!

Tremendous changes may be expected in the dwelling house of the future: steel construction, insulated walls and floors, conditioned air, automatic heating, penthouse design — perhaps! There is at least no lessening of progress in every line of the housewife's effort. With the emphasis on the importance of leisure, with increasing demands on her time from social or political viewpoints — it seems sure that housekeeping is to see still larger evolution in its next Century of Progress.

Looking back on some notable dates of importance to the household we find the sewing machine invented about 1850; the electric iron first exhibited in 1893 and sold in 1910; the electric toaster, 1893-95; the electric washing machine brought out in 1906 and sold a year later; the first portable type vacuum cleaner sold in 1908; the first electrical range model displayed at the World's Fair in 1893 and produced commercially in 1910; the electric ironing machine or mangle put on the market in 1910; and the electrical refrigerator for home use produced in 1912 and sold in 1915.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY (New Year's)
Breakfast — Fruit, Hot Cereal, Coffee.
Dinner — Crab Flake Cocktail, Consomme, Lamb, Browned Potatoes, Hollandaise Broccoli, Sliced Sweet Potatoes with Figs or Chestnuts, Snow White Salad with French Dressing, New Year's Ice Cream, Janus Cakes, Coffee.
Supper (Company) — Tomato Cocktail, Canapes, Scalloped Oysters, Celery, Rolls, New Year's Cakes, Coffee.

TUESDAY
Breakfast — Fruit, Whole Wheat Cereal with Dates, Poached Eggs on Toasted Biscuits, Coffee.
Luncheon — Clam Chowder, Pilot Crackers, Jellied Fruit Salad.
Dinner — Cranberry Cocktail, Boiled Shoulder of Pork, Steamed Rice or Potatoes, Buttered Broccoli, Spiced Crabapples, Shredded Lettuce with French Chives Dressing, Coffee Mousse with Christmas Raisin Cakes.

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast — Prunes, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Sally Lunn, Coffee.
Luncheon — Asparagus in Casserole, French Bread, Orange and Stuffed Date Salad in Lettuce Hearts, Cocoa or Hot Punch.
Dinner — Macaroni with Left-Over Pork, Buttered Cauliflower, Old-Fashioned Jelly Rolls, Coffee.

THURSDAY
Breakfast — Tomato Juice, Oatmeal, Canned Corn Griddle Cakes, Bacon, Coffee.
Luncheon — Cream of Vegetable Soup, Bread Sticks, Tuna Fish Salad, Banana Cake with Lemon Sauce, Tea.
Dinner — Braised Calf's Liver with Vegetables, Stuffed Potatoes, Shredded Cabbage, Grated Carrot and Raisin Salad, Orange Dressing, Left-Over Banana Cake with Whipped Cream.

FRIDAY
Breakfast — Fruit, Hot Cereal, French Omelet, Biscuits, Coffee.
Luncheon — Cream of Spinach Soup with Grated Cheese, Finger Rolls Stuffed with Celery and Bacon Salad, Fruit Trifle, Honey Cookies, Tea.
Dinner — Easy Hors d'Oeuvres, Broiled Scrod with Lemon Butter, Noodles, Scalloped Tomatoes, Green Vegetable, Stuffed Apricot Salad, Cream Cheese Straws.

SATURDAY
Breakfast — Fruit, Cereal, Small Sausage Cakes, Grilled Sweet Potatoes, Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon — Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce, Raisin Brown Bread, Orange Gelatin with Whipped Cream, Home Made Sponge Drops, Tea.
Dinner — Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Frankfort Sausage with Sauerkraut, Mashed Paprika Potatoes, Grapefruit Salad, Prune Pudding.

SUNDAY
Breakfast — Fruit, Hot Cereal, Puffy Omelet with Frizzled Dried Beef, Ice Box Graham Rolls, Coffee.
Dinner — Minute Steak, Riced Potatoes or Spaghetti, French Fried Carrots, Stuffed Apple Salad, Cream Mayonnaise Dressing, Surprise Dessert, Half Cups Coffee.
Supper — Tuna Fish and Baking Powder Biscuit Shortcake, Favorite Fruit Salad, Crackers, Hot Fruit Punch.

American Weekly Patterns

JUNIORS WILL LOVE IT (8098). Designed in 5 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19, with corresponding bust 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 13 will require 3⅜ yards of 35-inch material. The collar and belt of contrasting material will require ½ yard.

FOR THE SMART MATRON (8087). Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 46 will require 4⅞ yards of 39-inch material.

A "CHEERIE" GOOD MORNING (8095). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 38 will require 3⅞ yards of 32-inch material.

GRACEFUL PLEATS AND PUFFS (8078). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 2¾ yards of 35-inch material. If made with puff sleeve only it will require 2⅛ yards.

NEW COAT FOR THE NEW YEAR (8100). Designed in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 will require 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material. To line the coat will require 2¾ yards of 35-inch lining.

FOR "WEE" MAIDS (7729). Designed in 6 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size with long sleeves will require 1¾ yards of 35-inch material. With short sleeves 1⅝ yards.

NEW AND YOUTHFUL (7772). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 (with corresponding bust measure), and in sizes 40 and 42. Size 16 will require 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material, with ⅛ yard of contrasting material for the collar.

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Captain Christine By Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 14)

he had come upon a little stream on the north side. Plunging down through the trees he had little trouble in finding it. When he had drunk his fill he took back a draught for Christine.

She met him with a startled face.

"The longboat's coming back. They've been pulling something in from the sea. And something's happened. There's been trouble. I couldn't see exactly what was happening."

Her eyes were troubled. Silently he offered her the tin of water and she drank it.

"Go and have a look. I believe Treherne's got the treasure."

Blaize crawled round cautiously. Yes, the longboat was almost in. The catamaran followed close behind. He watched while the boys aboard hauled in some heavy object. Treherne's white clothes stood out in strong contrast to the brown bodies of the boys. So far away that they looked like midgets, they were yet clear and distinct in the sharp light of the pure atmosphere. Blaise waited till they were all aboard and went back to Christine.

"Did you notice Lambert?"

"No. I don't think he's there."

"Perhaps he didn't go out with them."

The sun was sinking in a breathless, brazen sky. Near the horizon on the north were three small sandy clouds. No breath of wind stirred the heavy leaves of the palm. No sound of parrakeet or fruit-pigeon broke the tenseness of the unnatural silence. Blaize's eyes were fixed on those three clouds that swelled even while he gazed.

"Storm brewing," said Christine.

He nodded.

"Bad one, too. We'll get it before morning."

She shuddered.

"I'm tired to death. How are we going to sleep?"

"Treherne won't waste time," said Blaize, without heeding her question. "He'll be after you before sun-up tomorrow."

"Very likely....You'd better have the blanket. I can spread what's left of my coat."

"Rubbish. My skin's as hard as nails."

He looked reflectively at his bare broad chest. There was a scar on the right shoulder. The marks of an old gunshot wound showed faintly three inches above his heart. She followed his gaze curiously.

"How did you get them?"

"Someone nearly got me one day back in 'Frisco. Carroll and I were running whiskey. The bootlegger we were selling to wouldn't pay our price. A twister, he was. Sunny McClusky they called him. Great tall chap with red hair, and two warts on his chin. We had a row....He was mighty quick with his gun, but I was quicker. When Carroll went 'round to the hospital three days after, he was getting on as well as could be expected."

He smiled at the remembrance.

"And the other—the one on your shoulder? Knife-blade, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Well? Tell me about it."

"There's nothing to tell."

"You mean," said Christine, "that it had to do with a woman."

He frowned.

"Most things have to do with a woman, sooner or later. Your sex is at the beginning and the end of three parts of the trouble in this world."

"Who was she?"

"Why men stand for it, I don't know. Reckon we're all plumb fools."

"This woman—who was she?"

He was quiet for a moment. His dark, serious eyes were fixed on those ominous clouds in the darkening sky to the north.

"I was fool enough to think I cared about her. I didn't really. It was only her body I wanted. Can you understand that? Does it shock you, that a man should want a woman just for that? She was a French girl down at Degas. Julie, her name was. She had a skin the color of pale gold. They said her mother had Kanaka blood. I don't know. It may have been so. But Julie—Julie was like an electric wire. She had the art of tormenting men. Look at you, she would, with her black eyes, and smile and look away. All the fellows who came ashore were crazy about her. I was as bad a fool as the rest."

"And did you—did she—"

"Did she give me what I wanted? Yes...if that's what you mean. And next day a Swede called Olsen called her what she was, while we were in the bar together. I went for him."

"Well?"

"That's all. He gave me this. I don't think I hurt him very much. He was the biggest fellow I've ever seen. Like a great hairy ox. Ah, I can see him now—he had blue eyes and his ears made him look like a cat, somehow. All flat and set back."

"And she—Julie?"

"Pleased to death about the whole thing. Wouldn't any woman be, to have two men scrapping about her?"

"Then she—was kind to you, after you'd fought for her?"

"Kind? Catch her being kind to a chap with a wounded arm! Of course, I was mad when I saw Olsen leering at her. When she winked at him I could have killed 'em both. But I'd forgotten her in a month."

"Do you forget all them in a month?" asked Christine in a hard voice.

"Oh, much less than that," he assured her. "Can't you see, Christine, that it's only when you love a woman that you think about her?"

"Then you haven't been in love? I heard Schenk say that he could tell a few things about you."

"Did you, now? If he meant he could tell you I've fooled around with plenty of girls in my time, he's right. Christine, what do you expect? But I've never harmed a woman. The kind I've had—well, they were the kind—"

"Then you've never been in love?"

"I have. I've loved two women. One was — well, never mind her name. It was when I was eighteen. She was the first one. Oh, much older than I was. Married, too. Her beauty—her — condescension — there's never been another just like her. I adored her. I can remember her as exactly as though I'd seen her last week, instead of seventeen years ago. Her hair, her eyes, the texture of her skin...."

His voice trailed away. A jealousy that startled her caught Christine.

"And the other woman that you cared for?"

He hesitated.

"Cared....Caring is such an unhappy feeling. Christine, when there's no chance of its being returned. I know love is supposed to be the crown of any man's life. But is it? Only when the woman you love cares for you. If she doesn't it's like living with a tiger, to have that longing always in your heart."

"So you've never cared since?" she persisted.

For answer he stood up. She saw how tall he loomed above her in the swift tropical dusk.

"We'd better go to sleep," he said shortly. "Come on, let's get the things fixed while we can see."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.
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